ARCH 1 — 7, 1980

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EVE'S WEEKLY

COMPLIMENTARY COPY

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THE
CONSUMER
JUNGLE,
AND
HOW TO
HACK YOUR
WAY
THROUGH IT
AN
AMERICAN
EXPERIENCE

SLEEPING
IN
STYLE:
FASHION
WAFTS
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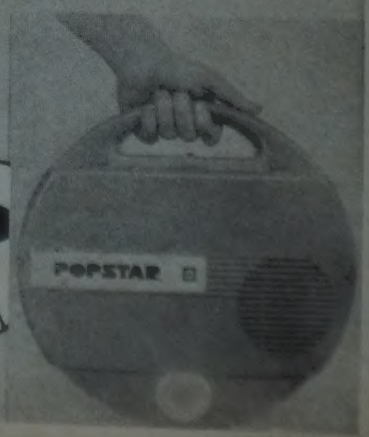

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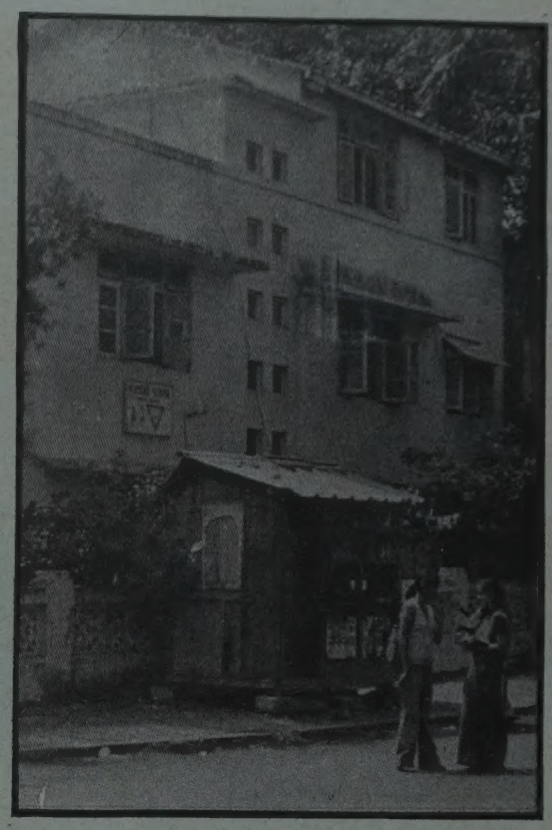
THIS WEEK

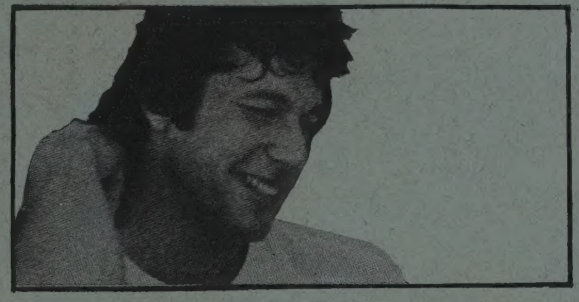
IN SEARCH OF SHELTER

Hostels are usually the only viable alternative for women studying or working away from their home-towns. But, though shelter is a basic human need, very little thought seems to have been put into providing accommodation for single women. A survey of what is available in Delhi.
Page 11.



WANTED : A ROOF

A two-pronged look into the situation in Bombay.
Page 12.



IMRAN-FEVER

As the after-math sets in, an interview with the cricket-hero who has them all bowled over.
Page 16.

THE CONSUMER JUNGLE

And how to hack your way through it. A leading consumer activist from the U.S.A. shares her experiences.
Page 44.

ALSO

With Love, From Japan : Delightful flower arrangements — **Page 21** Women in Focus : Gool Ghadialy and Krishnaveni Lakshman — **Page 22** Heart Attacks or Starvation Deaths : All in a day's work — **Page 23** Tongue In Cheek: Begging your chauvinistic pardon — **Page 27** Film Interview: Deepak Parasher — **Page 39** S.N.D.T. University's Open University Programme: A boon for women — **Page 49.**

REGULAR FEATURES

Your Page/**7**, People Known & Unknown/**19**, Little Woman/**25**, Fashion/**28**, True Confession/**30**, Cookery/**33**, Short Story/**37**, Passing Through/**40**, That's A Laugh/**40**, Beauty Bulletin/**41**, In My Own Write/**47**, Frankly Speaking/**51**, People & Events/**52**, Horoscope/**54**.

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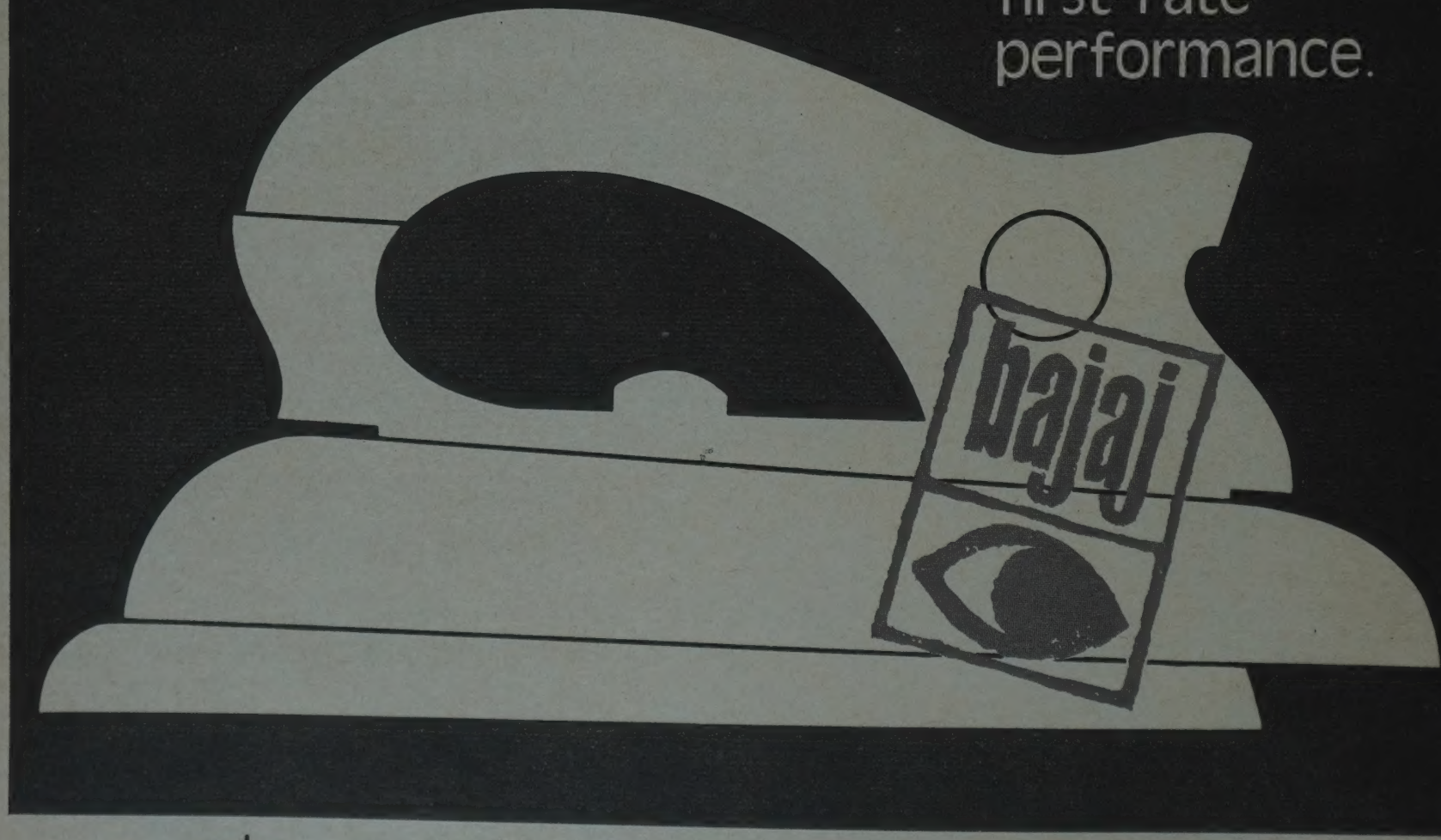

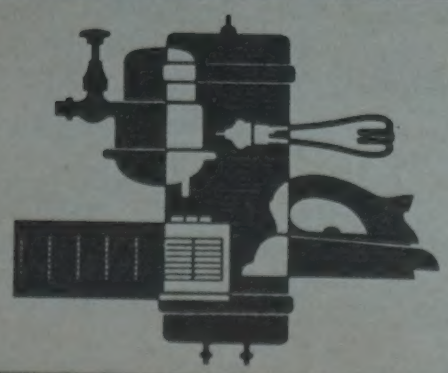

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YOUR PAGE

Do you have something to say?
Then say it here. We pay Rs. 25, 15 and 10 for the three best letters.

1st PRIZE

MY WIFE, MY PROPERTY

An earning daughter is a better asset to the parents than an earning son. It is wrong to presume that by getting the daughter married, the parents are free from responsibility. What maddens me is the fact that every male seems to feel that he has done a great favour to his in-laws and his wife by marrying. By marrying an earning girl and making her his possession, the man not only deprives his in-laws of a wage earner to their family, but also foists extra expenditure on them. In what way is a man justified in denying the wife her rightful privileges as a daughter? After her marriage a wife is supposed to consult her husband for every expense she is responsible for, even if she is an earning member. Even when rhe runs the family budget smoothly without pinching his pocket, she is questioned and harassed on small matters. Some wives are forced to give up their jobs just because they are "married". Why? The main reason is that the 'man' does not want to be "doing-things-for-himself" after acquiring his new possession. Who will dance attendance on him if his wife goes out to work? Considering all this, do you think it is really worth getting married?

SRIJAYA N. CHAR, Bangalore

We suppose it isn't, If you are going to be a door-mat all your life. But, marriage between two loving, adjusting adults of equal status can be a wonderful thing. It's easy to 'knock' marriage — what should be 'knocked' are attitudes and old ideas.

2nd PRIZE

PAYING THE DEBT

I am writing this to serve as a warning to people who guarantee a debt as 'surety', in good faith, to oblige a friend in need. Usually two or three sureties guarantee a debt 'jointly and severally', without understanding the implications. Although section 146 of the Indian Contracts Act says that the co-sureties are liable as between themselves to pay each an equal share of the whole debt (in case of a default by the principal debtor), usually only the salaried person among the sureties is made to pay the entire debt. The creditor obtains a decree from the court against the principal debtor and all the sureties, and then files an execution against the salaried person alone, because it is easy for him to realise the amount from this person by way of attachment of salary. Sometimes, the co-sureties (rich businessmen, professionals or propertied class) bribe the lawyer engaged by the creditor and are let off scot-free!

Of course, there is a provision for the salaried surety to sue the principal debtor and co-sureties and realise the entire amount (after paying it in full to the decree holder i.e. the creditor) from the principal debtor, or if he is insolvent, their shares in the debt from the co-sureties. But will the poor man have the time and resources for indulging in the luxury of litigation?

So if you are a salaried person be prepared to accept the full liability for the debt you guarantee as a surety. Don't be under the impression that you are liable only for one third or one fourth of the debt. The words 'jointly and severally' mean a lot!

K. S. VISWANATHAN
Bangalore

Live and learn! We are thankful to you for this interesting information. We hope all woud-be 'guarantors' will take heed.....

3rd PRIZE

MERE SLOGANS?

The other day I came across a teenage school boy who was the problem child of his class. He was labelled 'the dunce', 'the pervert' and 'the loafer'.

"He does nothing but go round the streets and grab the coconuts thrown with devotion before Hanumanji and Ganesha. He later sells them". "He picks up paper from the street-corner bins, collects old bottles and sells them". "Why should we keep him in school? He is no good at his studies." "Look at his torn, dirty shirt. Can't he keep himself clean". The poor chap was used to such stinging remarks from his teachers. It didn't seem to hurt him. So I called him over one day and asked him if all this was true. With tears in his eyes, he asked me, "Madam, how else do you think we manage to eat at least once in two days?" And with utter disgust on his face, he added. "There are six of us at home and on most days, I lie flat on my tummy to avoid the pangs of hunger."

With the International Year of the Child just over I can't help remarking, "Well, what have we done for the Child after all, except talk big at seminars and meetings, coin slogans and paste posters!"

The IYC has been another hoax like the International Year of the Woman.

MRS. NAMBISSAN,
Calicut.

We do not think the International Year of the Woman was a hoax — nor was the IYC. These International Years do not claim to remedy all existing evils in the span of 365 days. They merely focus the attention of the world towards their chosen category in the hope that something will be undertaken, something accomplished in the ensuing years.

PLAYING THE GAME

Today, I attended the school sportsmeet and as I watched the young atheletes, competing on the playfield, a sense of nostalgia brought a lump to my throat. I thought of my own happy schooldays long lost under the sands of time. Much water has flowed under the bridge and a multitude of other feet have passed out of the school gates, since the time when I, too, was a kid like them, in pigtails and short skirts.

Then, the competition was good and clean and fun. But in the world in which I live today, the competition is stiff and unfair and there are no rules to the game. On the playfield the axiom is: it matters not whether you win or lose, but how you play the game. Not so in the adult world of cut-throat competition. Here the tables are turned, and what matters is that you win, by hook, crook, or the devil's heels. Deal the cards under the table, pull the rug from under the next man's feet, shove your neighbour off the track, grease palms, pull strings... Merit is for the birds, calculated cunning is for men who go places — and win the rat race! It's a mad world. Is it also a damned world?

HYMA BAL,
Tellicherry.

No, no! Much is wrong with this world and, yes, it's a rat race but every once in a while you come across truth and goodness and beauty in a human being and then, it's not a damned world, just a very confused, mixed-up world...

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FORM IV

(See Rule 8)

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I, J. C. Jain, hereby declare that the particulars given above are true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Dated: Mar. 1, 1980

Sd/- J. C. Jain
Signature of Publisher

NEXT WEEK

ISSUE OF MARCH 8

SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT

IT'S TIME WE LOOKED RAPE IN THE FACE

Some highlights:

MATHURA IS RAPED

The controversial Supreme Court judgement in the Tukaram vs. State of Maharashtra case has sparked off strong reactions among lawyers and other concerned people. A report on the case.

PEOPLE AGAINST RAPE

Stirrings of a movement can be seen in Bombay, where a Forum Against Rape has sprung up. A report.

RAPE AS A TOOL OF OPPRESSION

Rape is used by people in power as a political weapon, a demonstration of power designed to kill the spirit. A report.

CAN A MAN RAPE HIS WIFE?

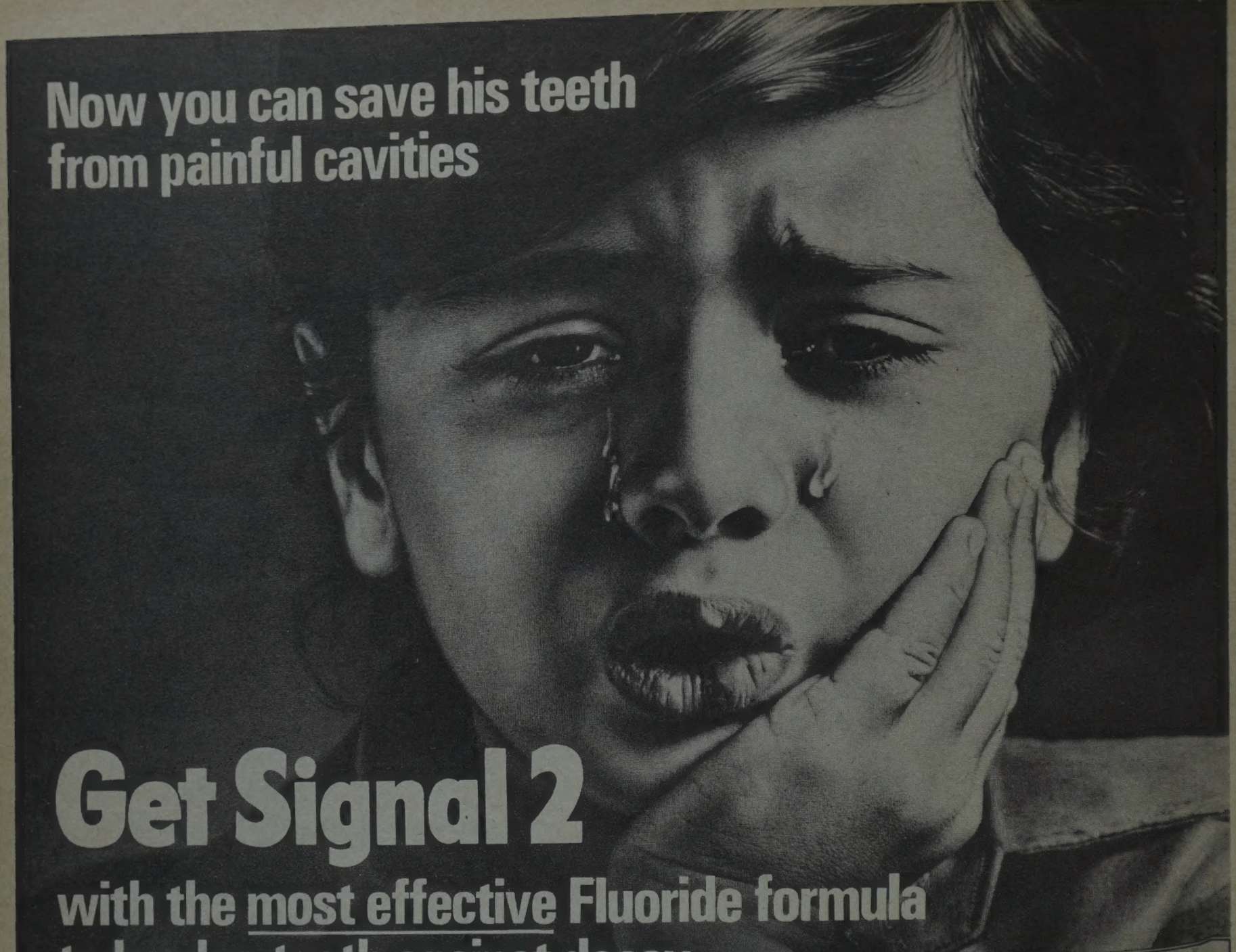
This is a controversial question being asked more and more all over the world.

PLUS

Electrolysis for men.

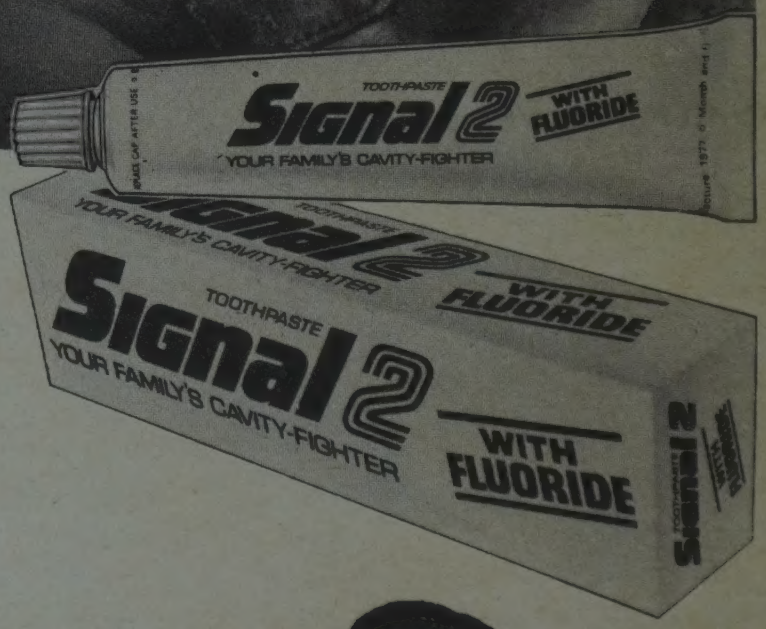
Toddling in Style. Fashionwear for tiny tots.

Now you can save his teeth from painful cavities

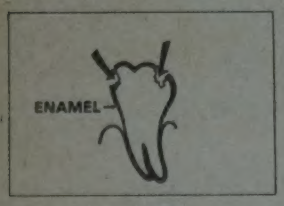


Get Signal 2

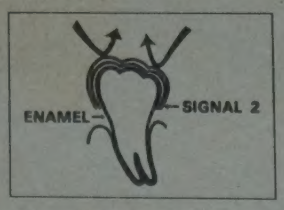
with the most effective Fluoride formula to harden teeth against decay



A toothache isn't just painful, it's a sign of tooth decay. Ignore it, and the decay goes deeper, leading to painful cavities



Ordinary toothpastes can't stop mouth acids from penetrating teeth and causing decay.



Signal 2 has the most effective Fluoride formula to stop mouth acids from penetrating teeth and causing decay.

The cavity-fighter

Now, before it's too late, start your family on the toothpaste that is proven to fight tooth decay—Signal 2. Its special Fluoride formula unites with the teeth to make them harder, more resistant to harmful mouth acids—and helps prevent cavities. No other toothpaste is better at fighting tooth decay.

Don't just take our word. Check with your dentist.

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Your family's cavity-fighter

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SOMEWHERE TO LIVE

Hostels for Women

AN OFFICIAL SURVEY FROM DELHI

Hostel accommodation has come to be described as "homelessness" and quite a few women reject good job opportunities because they entail living away from home in a hostel. Yet, because good job opportunities are mostly available in metropolitan areas, many women are beginning to leave their parental homes attracted by the high salaries. It is then that they are faced with the problem of "comfortable and safe accommodation." While hostels are "saft", all are certainly not "comfortable".

With the number of working women increasing, the demand for accommodation has also increased a great deal. The existing hostels are overcrowded. Accordingly, the Union Minister for Social Welfare allocated a sum of Rs. 60 lakhs in the Fifth Year Plan for setting up hostels for working women. Its main purpose is to assist voluntary agencies by contributing 60 per cent of the construction costs of hostels. A total of 164 hostels have been sanctioned between 1972 and 1979 to accommodate a total of 11,752 working women. The statewise breakup is:

STATE	HOSTELS
Andhra Pradesh	8
Arunachal Pradesh	1
Assam	3
Bihar	2
Haryana	2
Gujarat	9
Jammu & Kashmir	1
Karnataka	13
Kerala	33
Madhya Pradesh	15
Maharashtra	20
Meghalaya	1
Manipur	2
Orissa	4
Punjab	8
Rajasthan	2
Sikkim	1
Tamil Nadu	16
Tripura	1
Uttar Pradesh	8
West Bengal	3
Andaman & Nicobar	1
Chandigarh	2
Delhi	5
Goa	2
Mizoram	1

In addition to the five hostels sanctioned in Delhi, there are already four hostels accommodating a total of 383 women. These hostels are the Adhya Jha, the All-India Women's Conference, the Government hostel and the Y.W.C.A. The number of working women in Delhi constitute 4.8 per cent of the total female population. The five new hostels, of which three are complete, will have a total capacity to accommodate 930 women.

According to a government sponsored survey conducted in Delhi on the problems of working women living in hostels, it was found that they were not considered very comfortable. The residents had several complaints and many suggestions which would improve the standards of the hostels in Delhi. It was found that of the total population of working women, the largest number of residents (112-56 per cent) is in the age group of 21-30 years. The second largest (49 — 24.5 per cent) is in the age group of 31-40 years. Only 9 per cent were below 21 years of age. These women came from different States. The highest number were from Punjab (24 per cent). Next came Uttar Pradesh (17.5 per cent), Kerala (16.0 per cent), Bengal (6.5 per cent) and Tamil Nadu (5.9 per cent).

The hostels for working women are mostly inhabited by unmarried women. Of the 200 women interviewed in the aforesaid survey, 180 were unmarried, 15 were widowed, divorced or separated and only five had husbands. It was also found that the largest proportion of these women were teachers followed by clerks, assistants, etc. The following table indicates the occupational classification of the working women in Delhi residing in hostels :

OCCUPATION	NUMBER	PERCENTAGE
Teaching/Research	51	25.5
Office assistant/clerk	42	21.0
Journalist/translator/artist	9	4.5
Library assistant/technician	30	15.0
Office supervisor/telephone monitor	30	15.0
Executive/manager	15	7.5
Air hostess	8	4.0
Shop assistant	4	2.0
No response	11	5.5
Total :	200	100.0

The above shows that all women residing in hostels were engaged in white collar jobs. Their income levels were found to be between Rs. 250 p.m. to Rs. 1300 p.m.

INCOME	NUMBER	PERCENTAGE
Up to Rs. 250	1	0.5
Rs. 251-300	6	3.0
Rs. 301-400	21	10.5
Rs. 401-500	18	9.0
Rs. 501-600	29	14.5
Rs. 601-700	36	18.0
Rs. 701-800	27	13.5
Rs. 801-1000	38	19.0
Rs. 1000 and over	24	12.0
Total :	200	100.0

Coming to the facilities available in these hostels, it was found that in Adhya Jha Hostel 56.2 per cent share a room with one other person; 43.8 per cent live in single rooms. The Government-run hostel on Kasturba Gandhi Marg has the maximum number of single rooms. There 62.2 per cent occupy single rooms. In the Y.W.C.A. hostel, only 22.4 per cent live in single rooms.

No working women's hostel in Delhi has attached bathrooms, while in the Y.W.C.A. and the Adhya Jha Hostel two or more residents share one bathroom. In the Government hostel there are only common bathrooms, and the taps are often dry. Most of the time the residents have to fill water from the tap outside and carry it to the bathroom. Also, there is no proper place in which to cook. More often than not the residents either have a common kitchen or they use their room itself for cooking.

Medical care exists only on a skeleton basis in the four hostels. The Government hostel has a sick room but it is said to be in a shabby condition. There is neither anyone to attend to the sick nor any proper arrangement for them. The other hostels have no sick room. There is no doctor attached to the hostels so that

AN OFFICIAL SURVEY FROM DELHI

when anyone falls ill, the residents have to call the doctor on their own.

There are certain facilities available for the residents like a dining room, recreation room, visitors' room or a lounge to entertain visitors, lawns, pantry, library, etc. No dining room is available in the Adhya Jha Hostel because the hostel does not have a common mess. Most of the residents eat their meals in their rooms.

Other complaints are "lack of privacy," and "too much noise at odd times" by the residents, servants and their children.

Suggestions for improvement, according to the study, were mainly attached baths, general improvement, etc. Other suggestions were "facilities for games," followed by a "good library," a "proper guest room" and a "proper visitors' room." About 8.4 per cent of the residents said that they were satisfied with the facilities available. In the Jha and Government hostels a frequent suggestion was the improvement of the library. In the Y.W.C.A. the suggestion was mostly for facilities for games.

In addition, adequate water supply in baths and toilets were the main suggestions, especially by the residents of the Government hostel and the Jha hostel. The provision of adequate hot water was suggested mainly by the inmates of the Y.W.C.A., Jha and Government hostels, where water has to be heated by the residents themselves.

The provision of a telephone in working order has been stressed in all the hostels. In addition, they wanted a super bazar or a cooperative store in the neighbourhood where goods are sold at fixed prices and all consumer goods are available. Most of the residents desired a well equipped sick room with a doctor attached. Suggestions were also made for organising co-curricular activities, facilities for games, library and evening classes.

Yet, despite this lack of facilities, the demand for hostel accommodations is increasing day by day. Among those interviewed during this study, 37 per cent felt that there was no satisfactory alternative, 26.5 per cent felt that hostels were safe, 14 per cent felt that the hostels were good and close to their work, 11.5 per cent felt that it provided independent living and 10.5 per cent said that it was the next best to home.

With an estimated 5,000 working women in Delhi needing accommodation, it is necessary to have an adequate number of hostels and also improve the facilities in the existing ones. A relevant question that arises in this connection is whether to have more hostels without first improving the living conditions in the existing ones or to first provide more comfortable conditions to those who are already accommodated before launching on building more hostels.

The question is one of priority and it is for the authorities to decide. But a choice has to be made because with the existing funds it is not possible to do both. So, what the Government needs to do is to appreciate the needs of these women working far away from home and who contribute so significantly to the economic life of the country, for accommodation which is not only safe but also pleasant at a reasonable charge, and provide adequate funds.

Kumkum Chadha

Availability of facilities to hostel residents percentagewise

FACILITIES	AVAILABLE	AVAILABLE BUT NOT IN USE	NOT AVAILABLE	NO RESPONSE	TOTAL
Dining room	57.0	3.0	27.5	12.5	100.0
Library	17.0	1.0	65.0	17.0	100.0
Recreation room	62.5	0.5	26.0	11.0	100.0
Pantry-kitchen	49.5	1.3	36.5	12.5	100.0
Lawns	62.0	0.5	27.5	10.0	100.0
Sick room	17.5	1.5	64.5	16.5	100.0
Visitors' room	60.5	0.5	31.0	8.0	100.0

As regards rents, 46.5 per cent consider the rent reasonable: about 40.5 per cent consider them too high.

Each hostel is faced with a different set of problems. For instance, in the Adhya Jha Hostel, "negligence of repairs and maintainence" is ranked first (25.0 per cent). Lack of cleanliness is the major problem in the other three hostels: the AIWC 34.3 per cent, Government hostel 36.2 per cent and in the YWCA 28.6 per cent of the residents complained of lack of cleanliness. This, however, is of secondary importance in the Adhya Jha Hostel because each resident is responsible for the cleanliness of her room.

The second problem in the YWCA (23.5 per cent) and the Government hostel (25.5 per cent) is "negligence of repairs and maintainence." This however ranks as the fourth problem in the AIWC where the second most troublesome problem is "relations with the management" (23.9 per cent). In the Adhya Jha hostel this takes the third place (13.4 per cent), while in the Y.W.C.A. it ranks fourth (11.5 per cent) and in the Government hostel the fifth (8.9 per cent). Thefts form a fairly important problem holding the third place in the Y.W.C.A., the Government and A.I.W.C. hostels and the fourth place in the Adhya Jha hostel.

HOSTELS: BOMBAY SURVEY

With more and more women taking up jobs in the city of Bombay and an increasing number of girls coming from elsewhere to pursue higher studies, the problem of accommodation for single woman is growing more actute with each passing year. And the authorities seem to be largely indifferent to this very acute difficulty faced by these women.

To take students first, hostel accommodation seems in most demand in South Bombay. Yet out of six colleges in this area, only one has a girls' hostel, though all of them have hostels for boys. The University itself has four hostels for boys spread out over Bombay, but does not have a single one for girls.

Such gross discrepancy is mainly due to lack of concern on the part of the authorities. Interviews with two informed sources furnished ample proof of this. Ms. Usha Mehta, Head of the Dept. of Politics at Kalina campus (Bombay University) is the warden of the International Students' House (ISH), a hostel for foreign students. Ms. Mehta agreed that it was a glaring lapse on the part of the University that no provisions had been made for girls till now. The main reason for this, she suggested, was that as the girls were in a minority, the University had not felt the urgency of their needs. But surely, the number of girl students in the University was and is larger than that of foreign students.

Fr. Nieto SJ is Superintendent of the St. Xaviers' Boys Hostel. The hostel, which could originally house 160 students, has been extended recently. He expressed sympathy for the girls, but his contention was that the Fathers would not be able to manage a girls' hostel. But elsewhere, in Ahmebabad for instance, hostels have been build for girls by Fathers. Who is running such hostels? Anyway, running a hostel is only a secondary probem.

He also said that there was lack of adequate space. Could not the new wing have been made into a girls' hostel? Instead, when it was discovered that there was no need for the extension, this wing was assigned to the Mass Communication Department.

Even in the case of colleges that provide hostel facilities for girls, mostly established a long time back, there is lack of capacity to meet the demand. The Wilson College hostel (Pandita Ramabai) accommodates only 50 girls and even many Sophia College students have to find rooms in the various private hostels of Bombay.

There is only one Government-run hostel for girls in Bombay. It is in great demand because it is both well situated and moderately priced. However, the methods of selection are tedious and outdated, to say the least. Preference is given to the children of Government employees. As the hostel was originally built for them, selection is (still) carried out by special committee set up at Mantralaya. Further, only girls doing degree courses are eligible for admission (preference decreasing from undergraduates to graduates to Law students). Such a narrow basis of selection has to be revised. The Government

should undertake to either build another hostel or extend this one. As proof of the dire need for action, consider that this year for 24 vacancies there were 150 applications.

The only alternative left then for the large number of girls unable to find accommodation in official hostels is to seek private hostels. These are more expensive and the disadvantages are numerous. Apart from these, there are other factors that make staying in such hostels hardly congenial. Some of the hostels are in the most dilapidated condition, with bug-ridden furniture and peeling walls. Yet they charge unreasonably high rates. To further inconvenience the girls, these hostels impose all kinds of activities on them in order to maintain the "traditions" of the hostel.

To investigate the housing problems faced by working women

The difficulties of getting admission into these hostels are many and formidable. Firstly, the seats are limited. There are also unfair restrictions, placed on the inmates. For example, women over 30 are not given admission. Women cannot stay longer than three years. Obviously the idea behind these restrictions is that work for a woman is a transitory phase and that a single woman over thirty is somehow a misfit—concepts which no society claiming to be modern can condone.

A hostel like the WGU is considered ideal — few restrictive rules, clean and well kept, but admission is restricted to women who earn over Rs. 600 and they have to pay 55 per cent of their salary as rent. Admission is selective as an applicant has to go through an interview by a WGU committee.

On the other hand, with Government-run hostels women face problems of a different kind. Their rates are reasonable and a fixed percentage of a woman's salary is charged as fees. They even make concessions for women in the low income group. It was however found that most of them are situated at inconvenient localities. The atmosphere at two such hostels in Bandra and Juhu was found to be somewhat uncongenial. At the Bandra hostel for instance, a male superintendent (known to everyone as "Bhaisaab") stays on the ground floor where there are women's rooms. The fact that there are as many as 38 unfilled vacancies at the Government hostel in Juhu speaks volumes for the difficulties faced by women in these hostels.

As a result of this accommodation shortage, private hostels capitalize on this situation. Either they make plenty of money or impose upon the inmates, outmoded, narrow minded, irritating restrictions and modes of life that are a negation of their right to live as free individuals.

The rates at some of these hostels are really exorbitant. Although called hostels they are no more than hotels for women. A hostel which is located in Andheri was originally a block of flats. With four rooms each on three floors, each room shared by three girls, the monthly charges are Rs. 140 with no meals. So the owner makes Rs. 1680 a month on each flat — an outrageous exploitation of working women's need for accommodation and society's indifference to their plight.

Many of the private hostels in Bombay are run as charitable institutions. Yet they practise the most uncharitable methods of selection and impose all kinds of restrictions on the women (who are mature enough to look after themselves). For instance, a hostel run by nuns does not admit nurses because of their varied duty timings. The excuse is that this would disrupt the smooth running of the hostels. They are often extremely partisan in their methods of selection. A hostel run by nuns prefers to accept mostly Christian women. Similarly, a hostel run by a Gujarati or a South Indian trust flagrantly shows its partiality for members of its own community.

Very few private hostels pay any attention to maintenance despite their excessive rents. And only the barest amenities are provided for the inmates. Even one meal is the exception rather than the rule. Many of the hostel buildings are in bad need of repairs, even renovation.

What is the fate of low income working women?

There are very few hostels that cater to the low income group of women and offer accommodation at concessional rates. So they are forced to join hostels of the kind mentioned above. A girl earning a salary of Rs. 400 who was interviewed was staying at a hostel that took Rs. 200 as rent. She has to manage all her meals and other expenses within the balance of Rs. 200. Since these women comprise a larger part of Bombay's working women's population, it is imperative for more hostels to be built for their use. As there is no sign of Government appreciating this, is it any wonder that for these women marriage seems the only solution?

As for women of the working class, there is little to be said as there is not even a pretence at doing anything for them. Nobody knows their number and nobody has bothered to assess the problems they face and how they overcome these. Probably the attitude of society is that only middle class women are bothered about the type of accommodation they should choose, their physical safety, their reputation while the poor have learnt to face life in the raw, and society need not concern itself with them. A telling commentary on our claim to be an egalitarian nation.

Susan A.

ABOVE : The YWCA Andheri; and BELOW : the visitors' room in a working girls' hostel in Andheri (previously a passage).

proved much more difficult. This could be due to the fact that unlike students, they form a looser and more amorphous body. Broadly speaking, the majority of women looking for hostel accommodation earn between Rs. 500 and Rs. 1000 a month. They mostly comprise teachers, nurses and women doing secretarial work. Government and other officially run hostels specify a salary ceiling of about Rs. 1000. This is perhaps justified as this enables more women from the lower income group to find accommodation.

There are too few Government or officially run institutions for working women. There are three YWCA's, about four Government hostels and a few others like the Women's Graduate Union hostel.

"GLORIFIED PRISONS"

Scarcity of accommodation being what it is in Bombay, getting admission into a hostel requires not merely vast effort but also a great deal of luck. But admission after such travail is not the end of the single woman worker's or girl student's troubles. She finds quite a few more waiting for her when she enters the hostel.

These may be categorised as follows :

1) The majority of the hostels are run by trusts which while posing as doing a favour to the women concerned, extract money from them on every pretence and seem to have a very lively interest in making money.

2) These trust are faceless and work behind the wardens who though nominally in charge of running the hostels, are yet im-

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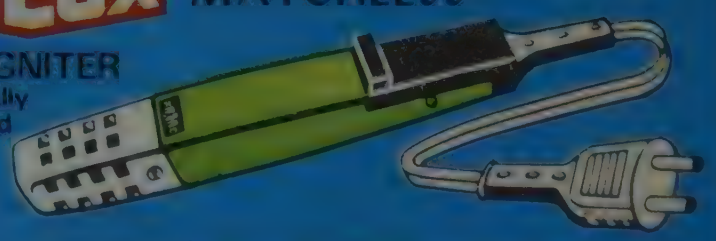

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"GLORIFIED PRISONS"

potent in any decision making. This however does not prevent them from throwing their weight about and exercising a dictatorial authority over the inmates.

3) The rules and regulations are often made by old fogies who are entirely out of touch with the younger generation and are both ignorant of, and indifferent to, the feelings and needs of the young women who live in the hostels.

4) Even adult and mature working women are expected to observe rules which would be considered outdated by school girls, hampering their work and their personal lives.

Who runs the hostels?

In the University and Government hostels for students the running of the hostels was found to be bureaucratic. At the S.N.D.T. hostel, the only university hostel for women, the actual running of the hostel appeared to be in the hands of the Registrar of the University. While being interviewed, the warden was approached by boys of another hostel wishing to put up a notice on the noticeboard, inviting the girls for a function. However, the warden told them that she would have to get the Registrar's permission to put up the notice.

At the Government Women's Hostel the rules that presently exist were prescribed by the Government at the time of its establishment, and the authorities have not felt any need for changing them. Girls are expected to obey them without questioning. There is no question of their participating in the framing or the enforcing of the rules.

The manner in which certain private hostels are run is questionable. The names of the persons on the various trusts are rarely available to the girls of the hostels concerned (or investigating reporters), and yet it is these people who run the hostel.

While people on the various trusts are often renowned persons, they maintain little or no contact with the inmates of the hostel. The warden of a Gujarati hostel told us that the Trust behind this hostel consisted of "ladies from the middle class group." A Missionary Society in London was responsible for the financial affairs of one hostel, but girls are not given the address of any of the members of the society.

It seems absurd, that a body of anonymous persons, unknown to the girls, should take decisions regarding the way they live.

Having examined the question of who runs the hostels, we come to the question of how they are run.

The warden is generally responsible for looking after a hostel. The warden of the Pandita Ramabai Hostel (affiliated to the Wilson College), Ms. Kalavade, proved to be one of the few wardens who looked at her task as a personal involvement. She felt that the usage of terms like "rules" and "wardens" should be discouraged as these gave the hostel the image of a prison. While she admits the necessity for certain norms she feels that senior girls can be trusted to frame their own rules.

At this hostel there is a committee of eight girls responsible the the day to day running of the hostel and looking into the girls' problems. There is also a mess committee of girls from three different communities to ensure variety in the food that is served. The accounts are open to scrutiny by the girls. They participate enthusiastically in all activities of the hostel. Ms. Kalavade presented a novel idea for one of the functions. She proposed that male guests be permitted to have a look at the girls' rooms to see for themselves the quality of accommodation provided. Prayers are held (it is a Christian institution) but attendance is not compulsory.

The IIT women's hostel is another exception to the rule. Actually, in the early days girls had to put up with discriminatory rules. In 1977 after the girls united and fought for their rights conditions have improved. The hostel has now few rules to restrict the freedom of the inmates. Unlike other hostels, even male visitors are allowed in the rooms up to 11 p.m. There is a students' council and the students take an active interest in the running of the hostel. No time limits are insisted upon for returning to the hostel at night. The warden never interferes with students but only ensures that nothing goes wrong.

Unfortunately, these two hostels are exceptions to the rule. In the majority of women's hostels the warden normally assumes a very ma-baap role, interfering with the girls' activities and mode of living. So, instead of being a home away from home the average hostel is more like a prison with the warden as the warder. As a result of this even when the rules are reasonable, they are resented because of the manner in which they are imposed on the inmates.

Most hostels expect the girls to be in by 8 p.m. In some hostels (like the Government Ladies Hostel) girls are permitted to take only two late passes till 10 p.m. per month. It is strange that while the argument put forward in defence of such rigid time limits is the welfare of the girls, sometimes their welfare does not seem all that important to the hostel authorities.

A male student told a strange story to illustrate this. A girl student staying in a women's hostel had accompanied him and a couple of other friends to see a play. When the play was over they were unable to get transport and so reached the hostel at 10.30 p.m. instead of the prescribed 10. Because she was half an hour late the girl was actually refused entry, and had to spend the entire night elsewhere. It is difficult to imagine what her predicament would have been had she not been with her friends.

Rules and regulations govern every area of an inmate's life. Lights are to be switched off at a specified hour. It is often compulsory for girls to participate in hostel activities. Prayers are not normally compulsory, but in a hostel run by nuns, a Catholic girl was refused re-admission because the authorities found that she was not a church-goer.

Taking to the warden of the R.R. Jain Shravik Ashram, interesting facts came to light. Only Jains are admitted and they are expected to adhere strictly to the Jain way of life. The warden was adverse to calling this set-up a hostel, as she felt that "hostel" suggested a too permissive way of life! This was more like a nunnery where prayers are compulsory and girls have to dress "decently".

So far we have only dealt with students' hostels, but even working women are expected to observe all kinds of outdated rules. They are expected to return at a specified time like any immature school girl. In suburban areas women are not issued late passes. They are even expected to put their lights out at a specified

Continued on page 38

The untouchable toilet

In India, toilet is a dirty word. It needn't be.

Most people really treat their toilet dirty. No other room in the house gets as little attention. No room needs it more. What we choose not to see doesn't bother us at all. Well here's something that will:

A dirty toilet doesn't just look and smell unpleasant. It is unhealthy, unhygienic, even positively dangerous.

That's the plain truth. Not understated. But not exaggerated either. So perhaps you should ask yourself a question.

Is your toilet as clean as you'd like it to be?

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Sanifresh is a lavatory cleanser that does a lot of dirty work for you. Flush the toilet first.

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A toilet can smell awful. Bad ventilation traps odours and makes the problem worse. Sanifresh contains a deodorant that freshens the air and dispels odours.

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BOWLING THEM OVER

an interview with IMRAN KHAN

He was the male phenomenon who invaded India recently — the star bowler of the Pakistani cricket team. Epitome of the super sportsman.

How does this 27-year-old handsome hunk react to all the adoration bestowed on him by admiring women? What does he feel? What is he looking for? What turns him on? What turns him off?

I called him on the rest day of the Madras Test and we arranged to meet at his hotel the following evening. "Be there at quarter past five," he had said.

He rushes in at 5.30. "I'm terribly sorry. I had to go to the hospital." His back is playing up again. "Give me a few minutes more, please," he says and flops on the couch, kicks off his worn out keds and pulls on a pair of thick Pathan sandals. "We're having an emergency team meeting. I've got to attend." (That was the day the game and the series were getting out of hand for Pakistan.)

"Make yourself comfortable. I won't be long," he sprints out in his usual 86.77 m.p.h. fashion.

I look around the room. There are bulging suitcases and male apparel everywhere. In a corner I see a big basket of mangoes. I wonder if an admirer had gone to such lengths. In the mirror opposite I catch a reflection of Paco Rabanne.

Imran returns. With a giant slice of cake in one hand. "Have some," he offers and sprawls on a chair, changes his mind and slides off onto the floor, his 6-foot frame arched comfortably. Nestled close to his chest hairs, hanging from a thin gold chain, is a locket which says 'Allah'. The man is 100 per cent macho. But there's a certain tenderness in him, too. A boyish charm that stems from disarming honesty one minute to infuriating intrigue the other.

Q. What do you remember of your childhood?

A. I'm the only brother of four sisters. And when we were kids we played a lot of hand cricket. I used to always make my sisters bowl at me. Never let them bat. I suppose being the only brother I was a little spoiled.

Q. Is it true that you have an English mother?

A. No! My parents are both Pathans.

Q. Are you close to them?

A. Yes, very.

Q. Have you always had their support and co-operation in your career?

A. Well, not really. I don't think parents should really interfere too much in their kid's affairs. It does more harm than good. I'm really lucky. My parents didn't interfere at all. My mother was interested. If she found out I'd got a prize in cricket or something she'd appreciate it but she wouldn't go out of her way to come and watch my match. But my father, he knew absolutely nothing about cricket. He didn't discourage me, but he didn't encourage me either. In fact, he wanted me to get into business or join him in engineering.

Q. Do you you mean to say you achieved everything on your own?

A. More or less, yes.

Q. Where did you go to school?

A. Aitchison College, Lahore.

Q. What were your plans after you left school?

A. I wanted to join the Civil Service in Pakistan. But then, gradually, watching what the Civil Service was going through in my country, I became disillusioned with Civil Service. Then, when

Photo Courtesy : Sportsweek

I went to University I decided I really wanted to give myself more time — a couple of years after University — just playing cricket. I wanted to see how I went.

Q. Is it true that you are a Rhodes Scholar?

A. No.

Q. What were your subjects at Oxford?

A. Politics, Economics.

Q. What about your academic record?

A. It was never bad, never brilliant. I've never failed in any class. I was always a good seconder.

Q. Do you plan to put your education to any use?

A. I don't really, at this moment in time, know what I want to do once I stop playing cricket. And that also knowing that probably I won't be playing for more than two or three years. I have no plans for the future. I live in the present.

Q. When did you get serious about cricket?

A. I went to two institutions— Aitchison College and Oxford University, in both of which you could study as well as play cricket. I was always good at cricket in school and in college. I was very lucky in this respect compared to some of the other players who went to Government College where you either play cricket or you study. I've always played cricket as far as I can remember.

Q. How does it feel being the third fastest bowler in the world?

A. Actually, I was very surprised. People might think I'm being modest, but I was genuinely surprised and so were other observers. I didn't think I was that fast.

Q. Don't you think all that glamour attached to cricket is lowering the standard of the game?

A. No, in fact, the more the glamour, the more the number of youngsters getting interested in the game ,and the more talent that is diverted to it the better the standard.

Q. Hasn't your life been very one-track on the cricket field and off it?

A. There was a time when I was interested in getting into the theatre — I was in various drama groups. But right now I'm concentrating only on cricket.

Q. Is it true that there was a conscious effort to promote you as a sex symbol?

A. I keep on being told this. In fact, ever since I've come to India this has been really highlighted. But I don't really think there was any effort, ever. What happened probably in World Series Cricket, was that their revolutionary way of televising cricket was such that they tried to personalise the players to the public, and in doing so various players became sex symbols. And I suppose somewhere along the line I became one too.

Q. But in India, when you came in 1978 for Abbas Ali Baig's benefit match, you hardly pulled any crowds as you do now.

A. At that time I had hardly played any Test cricket. I had only played three Test matches in Pakistan before that and that was way back in '76. Then came the Indian series and there was so much interest generated, and it was being televised — probably that's how I've become more familiar now. Also, I suppose as a fast bowler, because fast bowlers have always had a lot of glamour attached to them. You look all over the world — Lillee, Thompson, the sort of following they have in Australia and then Roberts and Holding in the West Indies, Bob Wills and Ian Bothan in England...

Q. How do you deal with all this female adulation that you encounter?

A. I don't really come across that much of it, you know — occasionally at a party or something, yes. But that's not often. Most of the time we've been touring or playing cricket and off the field there's not much happening. Still, I find it very difficult to be observed all the time, I don't quite know how to react to it.

Q. Are you amazed at the responses you are drawing?

A. I read about them but I haven't come across all that many responses.

Q. This image that's been created around you, how does it compare to your inner self?

A. I certainly don't see myself as what people have made me out to be. According to the image, I'm snobbish and arrogant and rude and I'm not — you can see that, can't you?

Q. Is it true that in Sydney one woman came up to you and said "I like your body, I want your baby"?

A. No, not in Sydney but in the West Indies. I wasn't the only player, a lot of players have been approached like this. In the West Indies this is quite common. I'm not the only one. Even the others suffered from this.

Q. Suffered?

A. (Laughter)

Q. What are some of the other things women say to you?

A. Usually they're not so outspoken. Some want to meet, others want to be friends.

Q. Has anybody propositioned you in India?

A. I'd rather not answer that question. I gave an interview here and it was picked up by a magazine in Pakistan and the headline said, "A girl says to Imran — I want your baby." Obviously one gets propositioned on tours, especially in places like Bombay. But I'd rather not go into details because sometimes it's misquoted, and if that goes to Pakistan, that's when I really worry.

Q. Why do you worry?

A. My family is very conservative.

Q. Does this sort of thing put a pressure on you to perform like a sexual athlete?

A. (He can't stop laughing.) Sexual athlete? Please, I can't answer that question.

Q. How do you view your ideal woman?

A. Someone I can be friendly with, because I find it very difficult to make friends.

Q. What kind of women attract you?

A. To start with, intelligent women. I think it's important for a girl to have a lot of sense in her head.

Q. What's your instant turn on in a woman?

A. I hope I don't get into a lot of trouble answering these questions. Instant turn on? Good looks. Slimness.

Q. What turns you off?

A. Physically, probably a woman who is fat. And mentally probably a woman who is not genuine. I hate people who are not genuine.

Q. What is your attitude towards women?

A. No different. I treat them as my equals. In fact, I believe in Woman's Lib. I'm a strong believer in that. In a relationship a man and woman should be equal participants. I don't think a woman should be dependent on a man — emotionally or otherwise. I like independent women.

Q. What do you think of Mrs. Bhutto and Benazir?

A. That's a very...I dare not answer that.

Q. Do you have any plans to get married?

A. I haven't thought about marriage at all. I'm not looking for a wife.

Q. Have you ever had a steady girl friend?

A. No. I've just had lots of, say, friends.

Q. Do you think you could be faithful to one woman?

A. It's totally hypothetical — the situation hasn't arisen yet.

Q. Are you the jealous type?

A. No, not at all.

Q. Don't you ever feel the need to do something constructive with your life? To feel useful?

A. The only thing that I want to do is something that keeps me interested. I want to go into the profession which I enjoy, and at the moment I can't find any such profession except cricket.

Q. Do you think you could ever fit into a 9 to 5 working man's role?

A. I don't think so.

Q. Aren't you attached to PIA?

A. Yes, but that's only a contract. I don't work for them. I only play for them.

Q. Where do you spend more time? In Pakistan or in England?

A. Six months of the year I spend in England and the rest in Pakistan, or touring with the Pakistani team.

Q. What do you like most about life abroad?

A. The freedom. To do anything which one wants to without being noticed.

Q. What do you do for relaxation?

A. I love shooting birds when I'm not playing cricket — ducks, partridges, etc. That's probably the best way I relax. I also like listening to Lata Mangeshkar and Mohammed Rafi.

Q. Why did you keep wearing that shirt which says "Big Boys play at Night?"

A. That was the only T shirt I brought to India, and I got into so much trouble with it that I gave it away.

Q. Tell me about the one event in your life which has left a lasting impression on you.

A. One very definite event was the death of a very close friend of mine who had been with me in school right up to Senior Cambridge. Just two months before the exam he died and no one knows whether it was suicide or whether he was killed by someone. It was very traumatic for me and I have never forgotten it.

Bela Mistry

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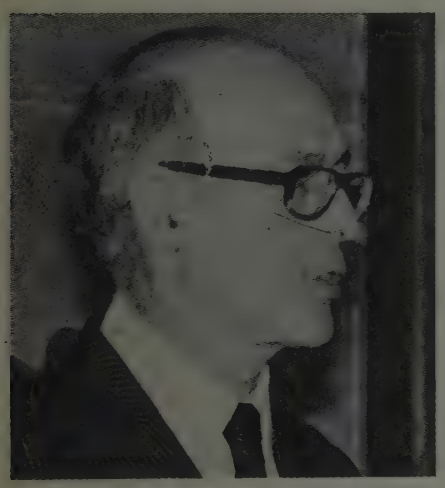
PEOPLE KNOWN AND

French President **Valery Giscard d'Estaing,** we gather, is an artistocrat to his fingertips. Not for him the pleasures of eating tandoori chicken and ras malai. At the recent banquet given in his honour at the Oberoi-Towers, Bombay, only pucca French food was served, and that too sampled and approved in advance by the French Consul and his wife. The President, we hear, liked the chilled fresh fruit juice (Indian) and the champagne, rose wine and mineral water (flown from France). The French security personnel were so paranoid about the safety of their President that he was not even allowed to sign the visitors' book at the hotel with an Indian pen in case it exploded in his face. And the beautiful



ivory box and silk scarf presented to d'Estaing and his wife were searched with a fine toothcomb before being handed over. Now why would we, warm, loving Indians, want to harm such a handsome President? As for Indian culture, the sole question addressed by the President to Maharashtra Chief Minister Sharad Pawar was: "Who's he?" — pointing to a Sikh in a bright red turban, who happens to be one of our better known scientists.

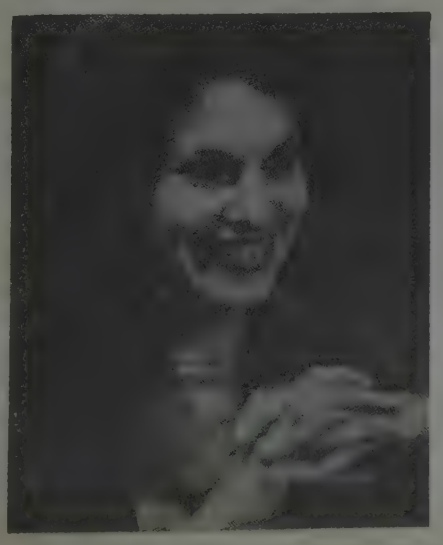
* * *

Ushatai Khaire of Pune has total faith in Lord Ganesh, the remover of all obstacles. In fact, the elephant-headed god even heard her plea to look after her son Nilimkumar Khaire, a confirmed atheist. How else, she asks, was he able to live with 72 poisonous snakes for 72 hours in a glass cage? As for the 28-year-old Nilimkumar, he has fulfilled his life's ambition of having his name included in the "Guinness Book of World Records" for having

spent the longest time with snakes in captivity. The fame has not gone without its share of brickbats. Three cobras died during this time because they were disturbed from their natural habitat, claimed one reptile lover. A cobra did a krait to death as it couldn't stand the sight (smell?) of the other. As an angry reader caustically remarked in the "Indian Express": "Bravo! Mr. Khaire. You may rest assured that even the SPCA will not shed a crocodile tear for the poisonous victim." But the imperturbable Mr. Khaire said that he would have stayed longer with the snakes, but for the fact that his commode had begun to stink unbearably!

* * *

Not bad at all. Having hopped, skipped and jumped from mathematics schoolteacher to model to small time actress, **Sherry Lansing,** 35, has just been appointed president of production

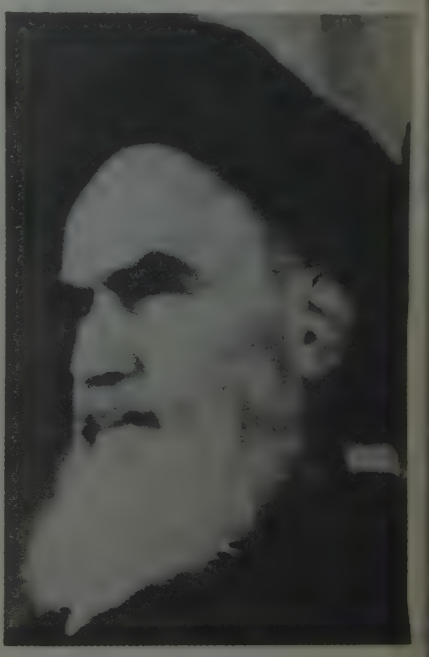


at 20th Century-Fox Pictures. She is in charge of the development and management of the company's feature films. She will earn about $300,000 a year in salary plus collect a bonus of $1 million, if she finds and develops a string of hits.

Way back in 1970, Lansing had made a C-grade movie, **Rio-Lobo,** where she gunned down the villain and faded into the sunset. She brings that same toughness to her new job in the male-dominated male-chauvinistic world of motion pictures. She has held a string of managerial positions before being promoted by Fox. Her youth, say her shrewd bosses, will be her main asset. According to them, 60 per cent of movie audiences in America are between the ages of 14 and 24. Lansing can attract young moviemakers who will be able to cater to the tastes of the young crowd. She can also attract people with her beauty and her brains, say her admirers.

* * *

Earlier this year, when Time magazine's readers voted **Khomeini** of Iran "Man of the Year', they weren't paying him a compliment, because the award went to any man who "has done most to change the news, for better or for worse." Only two others have won it in the latter category before Khomeini — Adolf Hitler



and Joseph Stalin. Now comes the news that in an extensive poll conducted by Madame Tussaud's (the world famous wax museum based in London) the Ayatollah has replaced Adolf Hitler and Idi Amin to become the most hated man, at least in the Western world. Commented "The Evening News" of London, tongue firmly in cheek: "He's done well, too. A year ago a complete unknown — today he's top of the hate charts." Unfortunately for Indians, "hawk" Margaret Thatcher was declared the most admired person. Which only goes to show that one Occident's love is another Oriental's hate!

UNKNOWN

Yohannya, a six-year-old blonde bombshell is a gutsy young thing. While watching the Republic Day parade in Delhi this year, she got accidentally separated from her parents in the crowd. A senior Indian officer, Col. Pisharoty, approached the lonely little girl, who handed him a note which read, "My father has disappeared. Please take me to the tourist centre. . .I do not speak English." The colonel made the smiling, happy girl watch the entire parade before restoring her to her father, at which time Yohannya abandoned her brave front and burst into tears.

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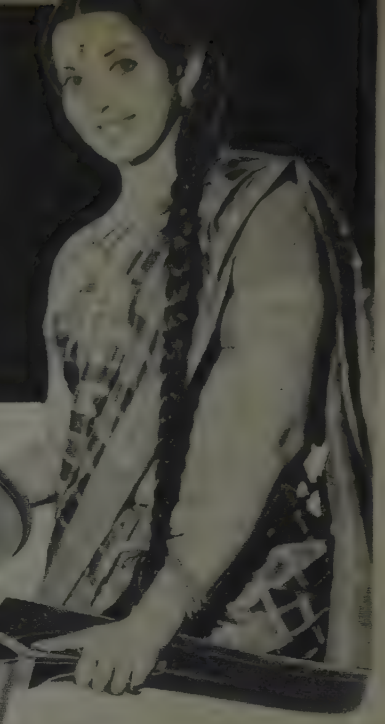

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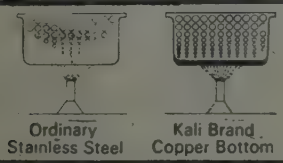

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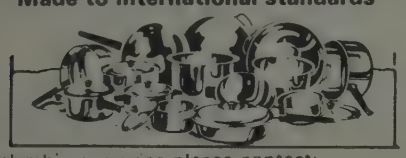

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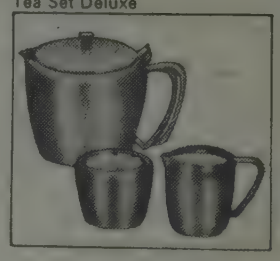
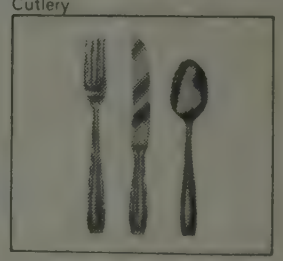


Cutlery



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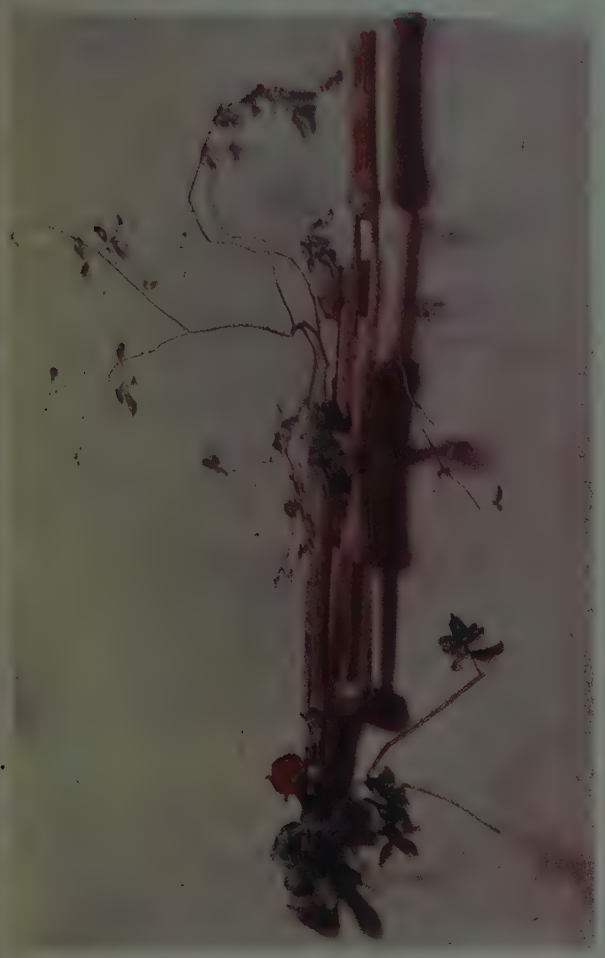

The Japanese art of Ikebana had its beginning in the 7th century when priests paid homage to the "True One" through the "principle of three:" the cosmic principle that links heaven, earth and man. Since then this art has passed through many phases of evolution. The Japanese masters have continuously been experimenting with new materials to invigorate the traditional style and also to give the art enough flexibility to adapt itself to the changing times.

And the Sogetsu School, founded by Sofu Teshigahara in 1928, was the first to introduce driftwood, glass, metal, plastic etc. into the art of flower arrangement, instead of rigidly following the tradition-bound styles and use of materials. In commemoration of the Golden Jubilee year of the Sogetsu School, Tokyo, the Bombay Chapter will hold an exhibition of flower arrangements at the C. J. Hall from February 29 to March 3, 1980.

We have featured here a few floral arrangements done by some of the members of the Bombay Chapter.

WOMEN IN FOCUS

GOOL GHADIALI

AWARDS IN PUBLIC SPEAKING

Gool Ghadiali strikes one as a competent, self-assured person and much of that self-confidence she attributes to her brief but spectacular career in the Jaycees. Gool is a member of the Mahalaxshmi Jaycees and joined as recently as September '79. But she has already made a name for herself as an outstanding orator and public speaker. She is also a businesswoman who runs her own garden landscaping firm with considerable success.

The Jaycees are a service organisation but with the emphasis on the individual, particularly individual self-improvement. "It is concerned with the enhancement of one's personality and has helped me immensely," says Gool. "I have a different outlook, have made more progress in business, and I find I can communicate better with people. Encouraging qualities of leadership is one of the tenets of the organisation."

To this end, public speaking contests are held. Gool won the Best Lady Orator Trophy of Bombay at the public speaking contest organised by the Mahalaxshmi Jaycees; the outstanding Jaycee Orator of the Town Trophy and the Best Participant title at the Human Relations Course, organised by the Bombay Harbour and Nasik Jaycees respectively. She also won the Alok Bose Trophy for the outstanding Jaycee Speaker at the 24th National Convention of Indian Jaycees at Kolhapur.

What has she got out of all this? Gool said that in public speaking you have to develop a technique. What you say is as important as how you say it. "A topic is given five days before the event, and you have to prepare what you are going to say. But for the finals the topic is given to us just five minutes before we are scheduled to speak. One such topic was 'Should Jaycees enter politics.' What it does for you, is give you enormous self-confidence."

Gool has attended various courses organised by the Jaycees, has organised certain projects herself and was selected as a trainer for the Train the Trainer Seminar of Indian Jaycees held at Nasik. She was elected Secretary for this year for the Mahalaxshmi Jaycees.

"Being a Jaycee doesn't really absorb one totally," says Gool. So she has ample time for her business. "I love landscape gardening," she enthuses. She has done a Diploma Course in Garden Landscaping and a course in Ikebana. "Clients call me in to plan their gardens. I submit a plan and then if the client approves, I provide the material to set it up and also look after the maintenance. With so many big buildings coming up everywhere, people want some greenery around, and living in flats with no gardens, indoor plants are becoming very popular." Gool teaches flower decoration in some schools in the city.

Gool has two young children. She says that it helps to have a career and that her family life and career do not clash.

S. G.

KRISHNAVENI LAKSHMANAN

LIVING THE ROLE

A disciple of Rukmini Devi Arundale of Kalakshetra, Madras, famous dancer Krishnaveni Lakshmanan needs no introduction to lovers of Indian dancing. Her portrayal of Sita in the six parts of the Ramayana which the Kalakshetra has put up all over India and abroad, has imprinted her image as Ramayana's Sita herself in our minds.

Krishnaveni hardly needs any make-up as she has a natural dancer's face and her movements are like the artistic figures carved on our temples.

She has also given solo performances, in Bharata Natyam and has been acclaimed as a great exponent of the art, both at home and abroad. As a girl of three, Krishnaveni used to peep through a hole in a partition and watch a Bharata Natyam class. Much against her orthodox father's wishes, the teacher of this class dragged her in.

Krishnaveni showed her talent and evinced keen interest and was soon spotted by the great Rukmini Devi. Winning a scholarship here, Krishnaveni started bagging the main roles in every ballet.

One of her memorable performances was as "Andal", when the Chief Guest Mr. C. Rajagopalachari, told Rukmini Devi, "You are very fortunate to get Krishnaveni as your student."

With her marriage came trouble, as her husband Lakshmanan was against her dancing. He was not enamoured of her fame as he himself was a well-known Table Tennis player. But soon, he was convinced that his wife was unusually gifted and he felt her dancing belonged to the world.

Today, Krishnaveni and Lakshmanan have a happy home with two lovely children — a boy and a girl — and her family has made her dancing an important part of their lives. "I owe a lot to my parents, too," says Krishnaveni. "They came and stayed with me to look after my home and family so that I could dance."

At the moment, Krishnaveni is a teacher in her old school, Kalakshetra. She gives about 50 performances a year and devotes two hours every morning for practice.

Cooking and gardening are her favourite hobbies. She loves flowers and adorns herself in plenty for her performances.

Friendly and modest, Krishnaveni is as charming in person as her portrayals of Sita, Mohini, Andal, Rukmini, Madanavalli.

Leila Iyengar

IT WAS ONLY A HEART ATTACK!

Lakshmi Narayan

BLOWING SMOKE RINGS AT ME, HIS FEET PROPPED UP ON THE TABLE, HE INFORMED ME WITH AMUSED CONTEMPT THAT THE MUNICIPALITY HAD MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO DO THAN WORRY ABOUT EVERY BEGGAR WHO CHOSE TO DIE IN THE STREETS

The Minister faced the angry Opposition with a smile. He had dealt with rabble before and he knew how to deal with them now. "Is it true that there have been more than a hundred starvation deaths in the districts?" the Opposition members queried loudly, ever the ones to play to the gallery. The Minister raised a hand for silence. "Gentlemen, the government is deeply upset at these allegations. But I have personally made inquiries with the proper authorities and they have categorically denied any starvation deaths. In fact according to our figures, there were 20 deaths by heart failure."

The Opposition sat in stunned silence, before all hell broke loose. "I suppose all the heart failures took place at the same time. . ." shouted a member, but his voice was drowned by another whose sarcasm was even more pointed: "I thought we were a spineless nation. Now it seems we are faint hearted too. . ." But the Minister couldn't care less. He had made his statement and he sat back quietly.

I came out of the Assembly, mopping my face with a gent's hanky. As a journalist I had myself seen my newspaper publish photographs of rotting bodies and talked to the hundreds of rural jobless who were huddled in the city's various railway stations. Nowhere to go, nothing to eat, the women were openly selling their bodies to raise a meal. But as far as the honourable Minister was concerned, the Press were distorting facts, as usual.

As I walked towards my office, I saw a small crowd near the bus stop. On nearing, I saw that an old, wrinkled woman, her rags torn away, exposing her private parts, was thrashing about. A strange, rattling sound came from her gullet. "She's dying," someone whispered, and I could feel the bile rising from my stomach to my throat and I had a sudden desire to puke. I had never seen death at close quarters. Although one could see the woman's private parts, what one really noticed were her emaciated limbs and the ribs poking out of the skin.

I suddenly remembered who she was. She had "arrived" at the bus stop a week ago. She used to sit on the pavement, legs apart, and wave a dented plate at the passers-by for alms. She didn't really seem to care whether peopleh gave or not, but kept mumbling vacantly to herself. Since she was dirty and unkempt, with strange, rolling eyes, the busy pedestrians usually stepped aside from her.

I was then young, a rookie reporter, and I thought that the world expected journalists to put things right. I thought we were the Sir Galahads of the new world. Imagine a person dying on the streets, with no one to help her! Somehow one had always associated death with dignity. A clean bed, nurses and doctors hovering close by and loved ones crying softly; not lying in the open in the pitilessly hot sun, with one's private parts exposed.

I ran panting up to the reporters' room. "Look, there's a woman dying on the streets. . . just outside our office. . . please, who am I supposed to get in touch with?"

The words tumbled out incoherently. One reporter, who was biting into a fat sandwich, looked up and leered; another, who was stolidly soaking biscuits in a glass of hot tea and popping them into his mouth, didn't even bother to look up. But indifference was written all over their faces . . .this kid, especially a **woman** pretending to be a reporter! Playing games. Huh! They were superior in the knowledge that they had seen enough deaths and **they** were never childish enough to be moved by it.

The hostility, the contempt was so palpable that I flinched. But I was still not ready to give up. We journalists had so much power to do good. . . officialdom was scared of us. . . after all I worked for India's premier publication. . . a publication that moulded national opinion. I knew each of the senior reporters had a little notebook in which were listed the telephone numbers of important persons in the police, the various ministries, the municipal corporation, etc. One call from my paper to one of these personalities would settle the issue. I thought. "Can you tell me the telephone number of a police officer I can call?" I asked biscuit-and-tea. "Why don't you dial 100 . . Police Emergency?" he jeered.

I dialled 100. "Police control room," said a polite voice. I told the voice the facts as clearly as possible. "We are not in charge of vagrants, madam," said the unperturbed voice. "You will have to contact the municipal corporation."

"Which department?" I asked.

"I'm sorry, you will have to find out from the corporation."

"Look, I'm from such-and-such a publication," I said, trying to put some authority in my voice. "The person is most probably dead by now. Could you please come and do something about it?"

"We'll certainly send someone," said the voice.

I decided to go to the municipal corporation instead of calling them on the phone. The first was the medical department. "We have nothing to do with vagrants," said the doctor brusquely, dismissing me. I was shunted from department to department till I finally located the person in charge. He was sitting with his legs stretched out on the table, smoking a cigarette. I explained the whole matter to him. All through, he listened with an amused expression on his face, while blowing smoke rings at me.

"My dear young woman," he said when I had finished, in the tone of an adult talking to a child. "The municipal corporation has much more important things to do than worry about every lazy beggar who decides to create a scene on the streets. . . they are all a bloody nuisance. . ."

I stood my ground and argued with him about the need to at least dispose of the body before it putrified, but after a while my own arguments began to sound thin to me. Besides, I was tired and hungry and it was nearly 3.30 p.m. and I had to report back to duty. I turned my back rudely on the man and walked out as he started saying, "Why are you worried? These people are not even tax payers. . . they just eat up our money. . . but if you are still interested there is a department for vagrants. . ."

On the way back to the office, I saw her again. This time she lay quietly, her eyes open and staring. . . some yellow saliva oozing out of her mouth.

In the evening, as I was going home, I saw a thin knot of people at the same place. An enterprising "relative" had covered her body with a cloth, strewn some flowers on it, and was yelling and beating his chest, crying "She's dead. Please help me. I need money to perform the last rites." This was the ultimate indignity. . . a carrion making a living out of a dead body. Repulsed, I averted my face and went home.

Sometime that night, some department of the government must have picked up the body and thrown it into a crematorium. Hopefully, the beggar found peace and dignity at last. But her valiant heart, in spite of weeks of starvation, had refused to give in till the very end, while the rest of her body had lost the game. And thus, in the Minister's record book, one more person had died of heart failure!

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THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin

DON'T TOUCH THAT, EMILY!
WHY NOT?
I LEFT IT THERE ON PURPOSE... IT'S TO REMIND ME TO TAKE OUT THE TRASH TONIGHT-
?
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WHAT ABOUT THIS LAWN MOWER IN THE HALL?
IT'S A REMINDER FOR ME TO BUY GRASS SEED-!
8-26
AND THESE AUTOMOBILE MAGAZINES ALL OVER THE LIVING ROOM FLOOR?
SO I'LL REMEMBER TO GET THE CAR LUBRICATED!
AND THOSE SOCKS HANGING ON THE CHANDELIER....
GET OUT OF MY WAY!
BUT, EMILY- YOU'RE RUINING MY WHOLE FILING SYSTEM!

THE LITTLE WOMAN

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BEGGING YOUR CHAUVINISTIC PARDON

Reena Puri

"There's an allergy in the lives of men," these days and no amount of gentle medication is going to remove it. You'll wonder what I am talking about. Well, I am alluding to this terrible reaction which the male sex shows when they are confronted with that frightening monstrosity — a Women's Libber! When I first mentioned to a male companion that the idea of being a feminist appealed to me, the blighter started like a goldfish poked between the eyes, and the next thing I knew was that they called me Lady Macbeth all over the place. No, not the one who backed out of the murder because she felt emotional, but the one who swore she'd dash her babe's brains out if she had laid a bet on it. That's how the menfolk in my town see a Libber — someone who would put the juice of hemlock in her husband's ear if he happened to omit the bed tea. Sooth to say I never meant it to be like that. So what if he forgot the bed tea, he could jolly well help with the breakfast.

All I wanted was "equal right". Sounds big I know, but with very simple connotations. For example, if his mother said that his favourite dish was kofta curry, my mother could put in a word about my fondness for yellow buttermilk. Fair and square, no partiality and all demands met. But a blasted MCP overheard my mutterings and roared, "Equal Rights! What the dickens for, my dear female? You mean that you want to climb Everest along with Hilary and Tenzing!?" I had never said that I had wanted to, but since the idea was brought before me I said why not. The MCP turned green. "Damn it, mountaineering is meant for men, it is a challenge for them. You women should sit at home and keep a hot cup of tea waiting, that's as good as climbing mountains." Now everytime I make a cup of tea I feel I have scaled the Kanchenjunga!

Actually, I feel quite sorry for the chaps. It must be a nasty culture shock to get up one morning and overhear your mother ordering dad to rally around and fetch her bathroom slippers. Before she read that treacherous female magazine she used to wake him up by massaging his toes (dirty nails and all).

To top it all, your wife — someone who had been described in the premarital stages as quiet and homeloving — wants to be "economically independent", whatever she means by that. She wants to spend her day at a receptionist's desk for a measly five hundred bucks when you could give her six hundred as pocket money out of your salary. And what does she do with it? Puts it in a fixed deposit and says it's for the day she gets tired of you and wants to get away.

As I said, all this is rather tough on the chaps. Stronger sex or not, one has to face facts and realize that their knees buckle and they get on the defensive when dealing with a Libber. But that's no reason for our being soft hearted; after all, they've been eating the cake for too long. A lot of trouble could have been avoided since the beginning of time if women had learnt to look men in the eye and say "No".

If Helen had dared to issue a communique stating that basically she preferred the peppy Paris to the tottering knees of Menelaus, those "topless towers of Ilium" would still have been standing around. Or maybe if that epitome of female dumbness, Ophelia, had said a few strong words to her pater, instead of doddering about in dangerous streams singing vague songs, Shakespeare would have had to look around for some other tragedy.

It's not that dominating is an inherent quality of men. Think of the good old time (one can't even afford to say times!) when Adam couldn't say "No" to Eve when she asked him to do a very naughty thing. Hope lies in the truth that we are pretty much responsible for the way men behave and think, and it is time to take off those tinted glasses we bought for them.

So put up the red flag, comrades and raise the cry of "Vive la Liberte" resounding enough to smash the clay feet of this bogey Colossus — the MCP — and then, let me sit and drink my favourite yellow buttermilk in peace!

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SLEEPING IN STYLE

LEFT : From tiny tot to a teenager. . . nighties and pyjama suit in cotton and polyester. Yokes edged with lace and perked up with pretty embroidery and bows.

CENTRE : Two for around the house — a two-piece nightie and dressing gown ensemble in pastel pink and lemon with pretty bullion posies embroidered on the pin-tucked and ruffled yokes.

RIGHT : Pretty and feminine —a printed cotton nightie for little girls with an interesting embroidered yoke; a nightie in pink with an empire waistline and insertion lace to highlight the yoke; pretty in blue with a princess waistline, edged at neck with lace. The wrap-around cape has a totally new look in nightwears.

Lovable lingerie to have and to give. Versatile as well as practical, they could be the season's best buy. Warm, pretty and light as a feather, they are made in new colours and soft fabrics — from cool, fresh cottons when the temperature soars, to drip dry polyester for colder weather. New patterns — rouched and ruffled and trimmed with lace, ribbons and delicate embroidery — in full length, short and three-quarters for all sizes.

Courtesy: Fortina Lingerie, Bombay.

Photographs : Taiyeb Badshah

TRUE CONFESSION

MEN TOOK ADVANTAGE OF ME

The world is a different place when you have left your husband. I found it out the day I got my freedom. As I stood with my son at the bus stop in front of my house, I saw a woman join the queue. She tried to make friends with my son who, being of a shy temperament, dodged behind me and tried to hide.

"How old is he?" she asked me.

"Three, this May," I said.

"I have three sons, all rascals. Grown up now of course. They've all flown away. Their jobs took them away."

"Yes. It must be lonely," I said.

"Oh I'm not complaining. My husband is always pottering around the house and we talk of old times...such a wealth of memories. There's a lot to be said for companionship."

"Yes."

"I haven't seen you here before. Have you just moved in?"

"A month ago," I replied.

"Your husband' just been transferred here?"

"Oh no, I live alone," I said. "I have no husband."

She gaped at me.

"You poor thing. He died, did he?"

"No, we're divorced," I replied in a steady voice.

She looked away, somehow embarrassed. Or maybe she did not want to be associated with a woman like me. She did not indulge in any more conversation with me till the bus came.

I thought that was the last I would see of her. But my life was to become involved with hers in quite an unexpected way. It was all due to my son.

Two nights later I was reading in the hall when a gruff male voice said, "Excuse me." I looked up. He stood in the entrance clasping my son's hand.

"Is this your son?" he asked.

"Why, yes," I replied.

"Well he almost got run over just now," he scolded. "Why don't you keep your front door closed? You really are not fit to stay alone."

I went to my son Tulu and picked him up, rubbing his mud-streaked face.

"Where did you go?" I asked. "I had tucked you in bed."

He just laughed, unable to comprehend the seriousness of the incident. The tall stranger was standing, looking down at us, while I remonstrated with Tulu. I glanced up and caught him watching me in a strange way. A thought struck me suddenly, which had escaped me initially.

"How did you know he was my son?"

"It was simple," he replied with a twisted smile. "He was carrying your purse." He held it out to me.

The sight of it gave me a shock. I had stacks of notes in it and had thrown it on the bed while I tucked Tulu in.

"The money is safe," said the young man. "You can count it."

I took the purse from him but of course, did not open it.

After he had gone, I bolted the door and shut off the hall lights, carrying off my errant son to the bedroom from which he had escaped.

How contemptuous his attitude was! I thought. It was only when I lay in bed, staring at the whirring fan that I wondered how he knew about my solitary living. It was a mystery indeed. Surely there had been nothing in my purse to indicate may marital status.

I knew the answer two days later when I saw him again in a shop. He was accompanised by an old woman. It was my intrrogator at the bus-stop. I was buying some pulses when he said, "Hello."

"Good morning," I replied.

His mother merely nodded. I could tell she didn't want her son to associate with me, but politeness bit off the protests that came to her eyes but not to her tongue. A wild devil began to assert itself within me. I wanted to teach the straitlaced prude a lesson.

"You're on leave no doubt?" I sad to the young man. "Your mother was telling me the other day that your job had taken you away."

"Yes," he sad. "I'm on leave...ostensibly to get married."

"Lucky girl," I said.

"I haven't found her yet," he admitted with a smile. "Mother is still scanning the prospectives."

"You don't seen to me the type of man who will bow to parental pressures," I said.

He glanced at his mother and roared with laughter.

She didn't like my easy familiarity. I could tell from the way she pursed her mouth, from the frown between her brows.

"If you've finished, Chand," she said stiffly, "let's go."

He looked at her. I could tell from his impatience with his mother that my remark had hit the stiff male ego where it hurt. He was hankering for a verbal duel with me, in which he would emerge the victor. What's more, I was willing to match him word for word and win.

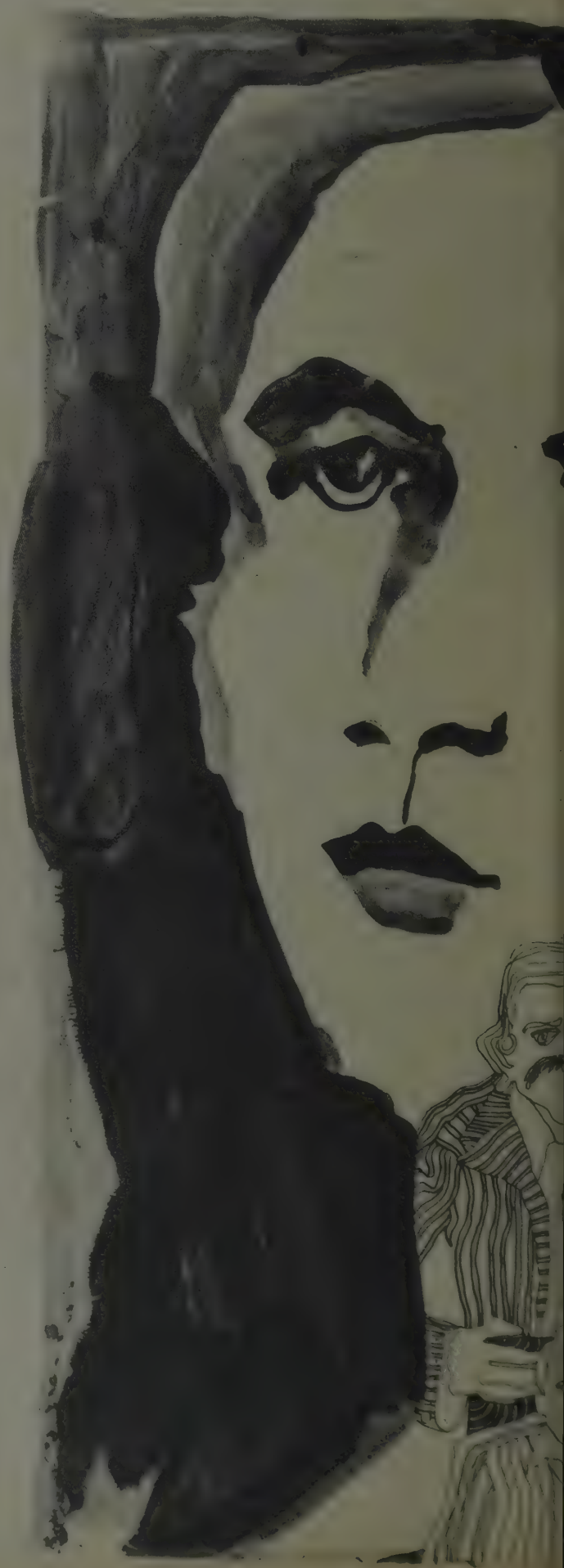
"Look, Ma," he said easily. "You go home. I'll put you in the bus. I have some work to do in town."

I caught the invitation in his voice and hung around the shop long after I had finished my purchases. As I expected, he returned in five minutes.

"You're a hell of an expensive proposition," he said.

"I had to put her in a taxi. The bus queue was a mile long. And I was afraid you would go away."

I laughed.



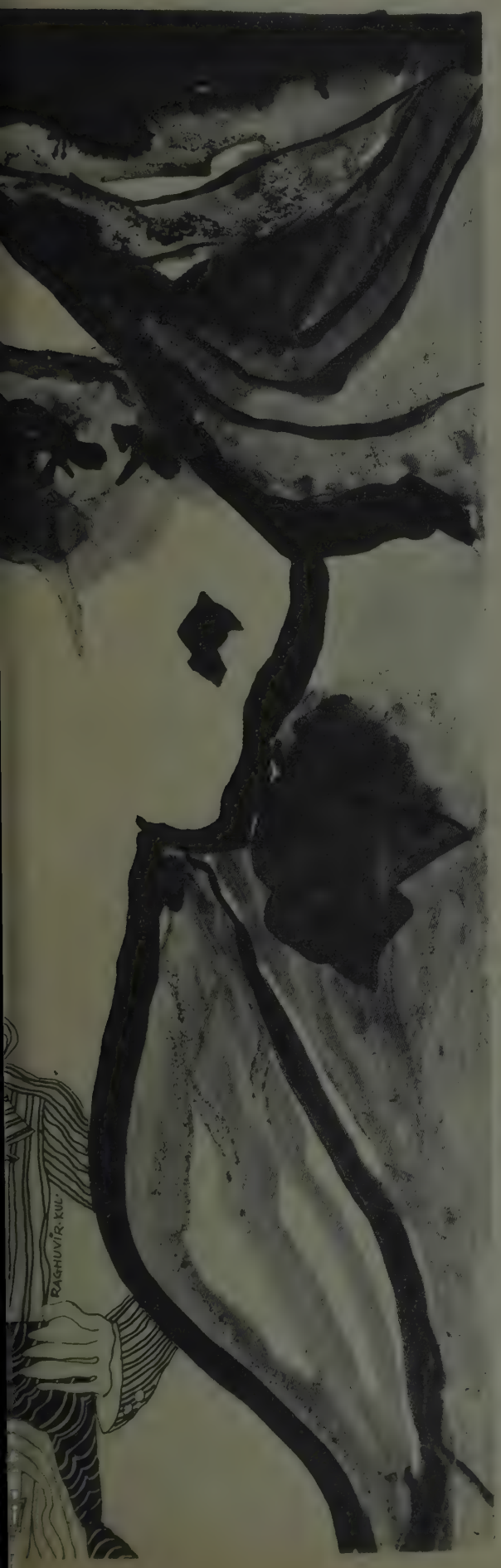
He looked at my son and said," Would the young ruffian like an ice-cream?" Tulu clapped his hands in delight.

In the restaurant he ordered an ice-cream for Tulu and coffee for us both. Then he sat back and looked at me.

"Can't think why any man would want to leave a woman like you," he said. I looked right back at him. "As a matter of fact, it was I who left him," I explained.

It amazed him and he stared, wide-eyed.

"Yes, Why must pompous males always



DIVORCE HAD SEEMED THE ONLY WAY OUT FOR ME, AND IT HAD BEEN SO EASY. THEN I FOUND THAT I HAD TO PAY A PRICE FOR MY FREEDOM — AND I DID

think it's the man who makes all the decisions, takes all the crucial steps?"

"Because it's been like that for generations," he said.

"Well, it's changing now. See, take a small example. I have found out your name but you have still to find out mine."

"You've lost there," he laughed. "You forget I knew your name the night I brought your purse home!"

I was caught out by this one.

"The only reason why I haven't used it till now is because I am not quite sure whether to call you Sheila or Mrs. . ."

"Call me Sheila," I said. "I don't use my husband's surname any longer, though it is still there on the driving licence."

That was how we met. We saw quite a lot of each other thereafter, much to his mother's chagrin. He always told me about the prospectives his mother had paraded before him.

"I just cannot make up my mind," he said. "So I turned them all down."

"Your mother must have been disappointed," I said.

"Of course," he said. "She is afraid I might end up marrying you."

"And are her fears justified?" I asked.

"I don't know yet," he said. "But all I can say is I have never met a woman like you."

We went to restaurants and parks, exhibitions and playgrounds together, a merry three-some. Maybe people took us for a family because many stared indulgently as Chand helped Tulu up the slide or pushed his swing. There was something so natural in the way he held my hand that I felt we had both been like this from a long time ago,

For the first time in years I was happy. I had never enjoyed being married to Ishwar. It had always been a strained, awkward kind of relationship. An arranged marriage you may say, except for the fact that neither of us had parents. We had met through a bureau which fixed up alliances for people who wanted them.

Ishwar was dressed in a suit the first time I saw him and he appealed to me physically. We went out a few times before agreeing to get married. The ceremony was a simple registered affair with a few friends present, which culminated in a honeymoon in Srinagar, which did nothing for us except a son.

Later, when we returned to the daily grind of Ishwar's office routine, our totally incompatible natures came to light. There were fierce arguments and often he walked out of the house to cool his temper. If he didn't go, he told me, he would probably wind up hitting me. He did hit me outright one day, after a particularly fierce duel which lasted far into the night.

One day I asked Ishwar whether it wasn't better if we parted amicably instead of living like this. He may have been surprised, but he did not show it.

A year later the divorce came through and I was free. I had left my job just before I got married to Ishwar; now I went and tried to get it back. It was difficult. I realised I had made two mistakes in my life — One, to resign a job in a leading company two, I married Ishwar. The first was a natural consequence of the second. Ishwar's job was in Delhi. My own had been in Bombay. If I wanted to be with him, I had perforce to resign my job. I could not get transferred to the Delhi branch of the company where I worked for the simple reason that it was only a sales outlet with very little staff. There was no place for me in it.

My old job gone, I tried to get another but easier said than done. There was a glut of unemployed graduates willing to work for a song. The employers themselves were male chauvinist pigs, too. The moment they saw I was a woman, they offered less than they might have done to a man. Their reasoning was simple. A woman, to them, was only supplementing an income — either her husband's or her father's — while a man was the bread-winner, sometimes the sole one and was hence entitled to a living wage.

"What about a divorced woman?" I asked. They had no answer.

I grumbled about my predicament to Chand, one day. I had been living on the alimony that Ishwar sent, but it was not overmuch with rocketing prices.

"Why do you need a job?" he asked me, "now that I am here?"

I looked at him. "What is that supposed to mean?" I asked.

"I am promising to look after you of course," he replied.

I was in the seventh heaven. I had not imagined I would find a husband so soon after leaving one, especially a man like Chand who was ideally suited in every way to my temperament.

We were in my flat. He put his arms around me. Tulu had fallen asleep. Chand kissed me, first with tenderness, then with unbridled passion. My emotions had been starved for months; now they hungered for expression. I let him make love to me.

He came often thereafter, and we slid into a close relationship. So it was with some surprise that I asked him days later. "Your mother tells me you have approved of a girl."

"Is that so surprising?" he asked. "I told you I came to get married."

"Chand," I said with tears in my eyes. "Was it for this you led me on?"

"Don't cry, Sheila," he said. "Tears don't become a woman like you. I had thought you

Continued on page 54

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CAN-DO MEALS!

Premila Lal

When time is short and you feel too fagged out to fix a complete meal for an unexpected guest, just open a can and let your culinary imagination run wild. With the canned ingredients in your hand, stir up a palate pleasing meal of tasty bacon and bean pie or crisp frankfurters in sweet corn, or a sumptuous dessert of pineapple meringue, and many more. . . Canned foods also come in handy when the children come at midday, and ideal for a happy day's outing. Here are some stand-bys that will be savoured many times!

BAKED BEANS CASSEROLE

- 2 tins baked beans in tomato sauce 450 grams)
- 4 streaks bacon
- 2 tsps. brown sugar
- 1 tbsp. vinegar
- 3 onions, sliced
- 2 green chillis, chopped
- ½ tsp. chilli powder
- ½ tsp. mixed spice powder
- ½ tsp. mustard powder
- ½ tsp. salt
- 3 potatoes, mashed

Grease a large casserole lightly and preheat oven to 350°. Roll up the bacon streaks and lightly bake in a preheated hot oven. Keep aside. Fry the onions in the pan along with the chilli. Remove and keep aside. Combine the sugar, vinegar, chilli powder, mustard powder and mixed spice powder. Add three tablespoons water and cook over low heat until the sugar dissolves. Pour half the baked beans into the casserole and cover with half the onions. Repeat process then pour the hot mixture of sauce over it. Pipe the edge of the casserole with mashed potato. Decorate with bacon rolls. Bake for about half an hour.

BAKED FISH CASSEROLE

2 small tins tuna in brine
1 cup cheese, grated
1 capsicum, finely chopped
2 eggs
½ cup peas, cooked
1 cup macaroni, cooked
½ cup carrots, diced
1 tsp. pepper, freshly ground
1 tsp. mint leaves, finely chopped
½ cup tomato puree
1 cup milk
Salt to taste

Mix the vegetables, fish macaroni, capsicum, pepper, tomato puree, mint leaves, half of the grated cheese and salt to taste. Grease an oven-proof dish and pour the mixture in the centre of the casserole. Beat the eggs well and blend in the milk. Stir in the rest of the grated cheese and blend well. Pour over the fish and macaroni mixture.

Bake in a moderate oven till the pie sets and is light brown on top. Decorate with crisp fried toasted bread slices and stewed mixed vegetables.

PINEAPPLE MERINGUE DELIGHT

1 tin pineapple slices
250 grams sponge cake crumbs
120 grams ground almonds (optional)
4 tbsps. cream
4 tbsps. milk
120 grams butter
120 grams sugar
4 eggs, separated
Rind of 1 lemon, grated

Drain pineapple and shred half the slices finely. Greare a plain, rectangular or round mould well. Put the crumbs and ground almonds into a basin. Pour over the milk and cream and leave to soak for half an hour. Cream the sugar and butter together. Beat in the egg yolks alternating between the soaked mixture and the drained shredded pineapple. Beat in the lemon rind. Whip the egg whites stiff and fold into the mixture. Pour into the mould and steam for half an hour. Turn out and garnish with pineapple slices and serve with meringue and cream.

FRANKFURTERS WITH SWEET CORN

8 frankfurters
1 tin sweet corn
2 tbsps. butter
1 egg yolk
1 cup flour
2 tbsps. cheese, grated
Salt, pepper and red chilli powder ot taste
Oil
Little milk

Blend the egg yolk, flour and cheese together. Add salt, pepper and red chilli powder to taste. Put in water to make a fairly thick batter consistency. Heat oil. Dip each frankfurter in the above batter and fry till crisp and brown. Keep aside. Open the sweet corn tin. Melt butter and add the sweet corn. Heat a little. Add little milk if necessary. Season with salt and pepper. Dip in the fried frankfurters and serve hot.

MEXICAN CHILLI BEANS

450 grams ground beef or mutton
2 tbsps. oil
2 cloves garlic, minced fine
2 tins baked beans in tomato sauce (450 grams)
3 tbsps. tomato sauce
2 onions, chopped
1 capsicum, chopped
2 tsps. chilli powder
1" fresh ginger, chopped fine

Heat oil in a pan and fry the meat till dry. Pour in one cup water and simmer until meat is tender. Stir in the onion, chilli, ginger, garlic and capsicum. Fry together. Add the beans, salt to taste and tomato sauce. Mix well and simmer for a few minutes until the beans heat through. Serve hot.

BAKED BEANS PILAU

2 tbsps. fat or oil
1 cup onion, chopped fine
1 cup long grain rice
1¾ cup water
2 tsps. salt
1 can baked beans (225 grams)

TO BE TIED TOGETHER :

1 bay leaf
1 clove
1 cardamom
4 peppercorns
1 stick cinnamon
¼ tsp. cummin seeds
¼ tsp. coriander seeds

Pick and wash rice. Soak in one and three quarter cups of water for fifteen minutes before cooking. Heat oil and lightly brown the onion. Add spices tied up in a cheese cloth. Add rice and water. Cook covered over a low heat until rice is partly cooked. Add baked beans and salt. Mix lightly with a fork. Cover and continue cooking until all the liquid has been absorbed and rice is cooked and fluffy. Let stand for a few minutes. Serve in a platter. Garnish with green pepper rings or sliced hard boiled eggs.

MEAT STEW

450 grams lamb or beef, cubed
1 tin tomato juice (450 grams)
1½ cup water
2 tbsps. flour, seasoned with salt and pepper
2 tbsps. ghee or oil
6 small carrots, cut in half
2 capsicums
6 small onions
1 tin processed green peas (450 grams)
8 small potatoes, skinned
1 bay leaf
½ tsp. pepper, freshly ground
Salt to taste
Chilli to taste

Dust the meat cubes with seasoned flour and fry in ghee until brown. Add the water and cover. Simmer for fifteen minutes. Add the tomato juice. Cover and simmer until meat is tender. Add the onions, quartered capsicums, carrots and potatoes with salt and chilli to taste. When vegetables are cooked, add green peas and pepper. Cook uncovered for a few minutes. Serve hot.

MINESTRONE

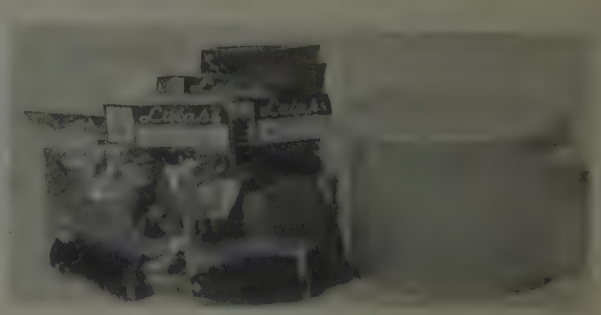
1 cup cabbage, chopped
1 tin peas (425 grams)
½ cup carrots, diced
1 cup elbow macaroni
1 tbsp. pure vegetable or olive oil
1 clove garlic, minced fine
1 cup onions, chopped
1 large can tomato juice (850 grams)
1 cup meat stock (optional)
1 litre water
Salt to taste
¼ tsp. pepper, fresh ground
½ cup French beans, chopped
Grated cheese
½ cup celery, chopped
1 tbsp. flour

Heat the oil in a large pan and saute the onion, garlic and celery for about five minutes. Add the tomato soup and stir. Add stock, water, cabbage, French beans, carrots, pepper and salt to taste. Simmer for about forty five minutes to one hour. Put in flour blended in a little water. Add remaining ingredients except cheese and simmer for a further fifteen minutes. Serve hot garnished with grated cheese and chopped parsley.

NEW GIFTS FOR OUR COOKERY WINNERS

Prize winners of our Weekly Contest will receive, from January 1980, in addition to the usual Rs. 50.00 cash prize,

1) A 9-cup Storefresh container from **TRU PTI INDUSTRIES,** Bombay, 2) A Gift Hamper from **CORN PRODUCTS** containing Brown and Polson Custard Powder, Rex Jelly, Rex Baking Powder and Davis Gelatine and, 3) A compact gift packet containing all the Spices and Spice powders from **P. MITTULAUL LALAH & SONS,** Madras.



So send in your original vegetarian or non-vegetarian recipes accompanied with a coupon, to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay 400 023.

RECIPES FROM OUR READERS

Mrs. Mamata Bardhan, Bombay.

CHANNA DAL JAMUN

1 cup Bengal gram dal, (channa)
½ cup khoya
1/3 cup flour
A small pinch soda
2 tsps. pure ghee
2 black cardamoms, crushed
1½ cups groundnut oil

FOR THE SYRUP :

3 cups sugar
3 cups water
1 tbsp. milk

Grind the boiled dal into a fine paste. Add khoya and crushed cardamoms. Sieve flour and soda. Rub in ghee. Add flour to the dal paste and mix well. Make lemon sized ball of this mixture, roll into oblong shape. Make a depression in the middle with your little finger. Keep them covered aside. Heat oil. Fry the jamuns till dark brown. Dissolve sugar in water. Put on fire. When the syrup begins to boil add milk and remove the scum from the syrup. Boil for few more minutes. Add jamuns and bring to boil over slow fire. Remove and serve hot or cold.

Mrs. Elvira Fernandes, Bombay.

LITTLE BUTTERFLY CAKES

FOR THE SPONGE CAKE :

2 cups self raising flour
2 tsps. baking powder
1 cup butter
2 cups castor sugar
4 eggs
1 tsp. vanilla essence

FOR THE FILLING :

1 tbsp. raspberry jam
1 packet raspberry jelly
3 tbsps. custard powder
2 tbsps. granulated sugar
1 cup milk
½ cup double cream
½ cup single cream
A few drops of yellow colour

FOR THE DECORATION :

Glace cherries
Angelica leaves

Sieve the flour and baking powder in a bowl. In another bowl beat the eggs thoroughly until light and fluffy. Add butter until vanilla essence and the flour slowly. Stir the mixture with a wooden spoon until well blended. Turn the mixture into a prepared rectangular tin and bake for 45 minutes. Turn out onto a wire rack and cool.

Cut the sponge cake in half breadthwise. Spread jam on one half and sandwich together with other half. Cut the cake into small cubes and divide equally between twelve individual bowls.

Dissolve jelly packet in one cup boiling water, then add half cup cold water. Pour the jelly mixture over the sponge cakes and leave to set. Now put the custard powder and sugar into a bowl and blend to a smooth cream with milk. Cook for three minutes until custard thickens. Pour over the sponge cakes and leave to set. Whip the double and single creams together until light peaks form. Add a few drops of yellow colour and pipe on top of each cake to form butterfly wings. Decorate with glace cherries and angelica leaves in the centre.

WEEKLY WINNER

LEELA RAJAN, Bombay.

Leela Rajan wins Rs. 50/- for this week's best recipe plus a 9 cup Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Corn Products and P. Mittulaul Lalah and Sons, Madras.

DOSA SANDWICH

1½ kg rice
½ kg black gram dal (udad)
½ tsp. asafoetida
Salt to taste
A little oil

FOR THE FILLING:

1 kg Bengal gram dal (channa)
¾ kg jaggery
2 coconuts
15 to 20 cardamoms, powdered

Soak the rice and black gram dal separately for four to five hours. Grind them to a fine paste. Add asafoetida and salt to taste. Add a little water and form into a dough of suitable consistency. Keep aside overnight.

Next day cook the Bengal gram in minimum water. Grate the coconuts. Crush jaggery and coconut and mix with the cooked Bengal gram. Cook over a low heat till the water evaporates. Grind the mixture to a fine paste without water. Add the cardamom powder. Mix well. Prepare round balls out of this filling and keep aside. Heat a tawa. Smear with little oil. Prepare a dosa. Roast on both sides. Evenly spread a ball of the filling on the dosa. Over this, spread one or two ladles of the dosa dough. Bake and turn over. Pour one teaspoon of oil around the dosa. Roast well and remove. Serve hot with ghee.

COOKERY CONTEST ANNOUNCEMENT

A scheme for the Monthly Cookery Queen contest.

All cookery contestants for the monthly Cookery Queen contest have to send in their recipes, non-vegetarian or vegetarian according to the subjects specified for each month. We give below subjects for the coming three months to enable you to send in your entries well in advance.

April, 1980
COCONUT VARIETIES

May, 1980
MANGO MARVELS

June, 1980
RAINY DAY SNACKS

All entries for April should reach us latest by March 5, May entries by April 5, and June entries by May 5, 1980.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.

2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe.

3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine of any other published material The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay—400 023.

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MCA-MSS-61

I'LL ALWAYS BE LONELY

Hyma Bal

I stand at my window in the twilight. It is also the twilight of my life. The evening shades have fallen, and in a little while it will be darker still. But the shades of night will dispel with the morn.It.is the shade that lies in my mind and shrouds my heart, that will never lift again. From somewhere a cricket chirps, a lone bird trills. But the sounds do not affect me.

I stand alone, and around me, invisible like the air, there is the abstract thing called loneliness. And yet I feel it is a tangible thing, because it lies around me, thick and overpowering. It is a heaviness. A darkness that oppresses me. And I know it will always be there, till the end of my days.

From somewhere a baby wails. And then I start involuntarily. I listen to its thin piping cry, and it touches a spring in my heart. Suddenly I put my head on the window sill and the tears start to flow. The salt of the tears is on my lips. It is also the salt of vain regret. The loneliness that grips me is like a vice.

And yet it need not have been as bad as this. If I had been more kind, more understanding, a little more tolerant...if I had had that quality of mercy that is twice-blessed. The compassion that I could have bestowed on that poor girl would in turn have blessed me as well. But I failed her, and in doing so I failed my son. I also failed the soul that was never born, I failed myself, too.

Today, in my mind's eye, I can see her. She had stood facing me, in this same room. Had I had the psychic power to see into the future, to have known then that within her lay the only priceless legacy my son would leave behind him, then surely I would have acted differently. Surely I would have opened my arms to her, not driven her up the wall. Well, if that power had been given us, not only to see ourselves as others see us, but also to see into the future, to look over the wall beyond which one cannot see, perhaps we would be shaping our destinies, and saving ourselves so much misery.

She had stood over there near the window, framed against it. If I had not been shocked to the core by her revelation, not felt the surge of anger that made me lash out at her, I would have seen that in spite of her nervousness and diffidence, she looked pathetically lovely. A kind of loveliness that could have wrung water from a stone. I remember, a breeze had sprung just then, swaying the branches of the laburnum tree outside. The breeze had billowed the curtains, knocking down a vase of flowers from the bay window.

The flowers lay all over the carpet, but a broken vase, and scattered flowers were of the least consequence as against the issue at hand. She had made a tentative move, to stoop and pick up the broken pieces, but my tone, coming like a whiplash had stayed her hand. A strand of loose hair had fallen over her temples, into her eyes, which she had brushed aside.

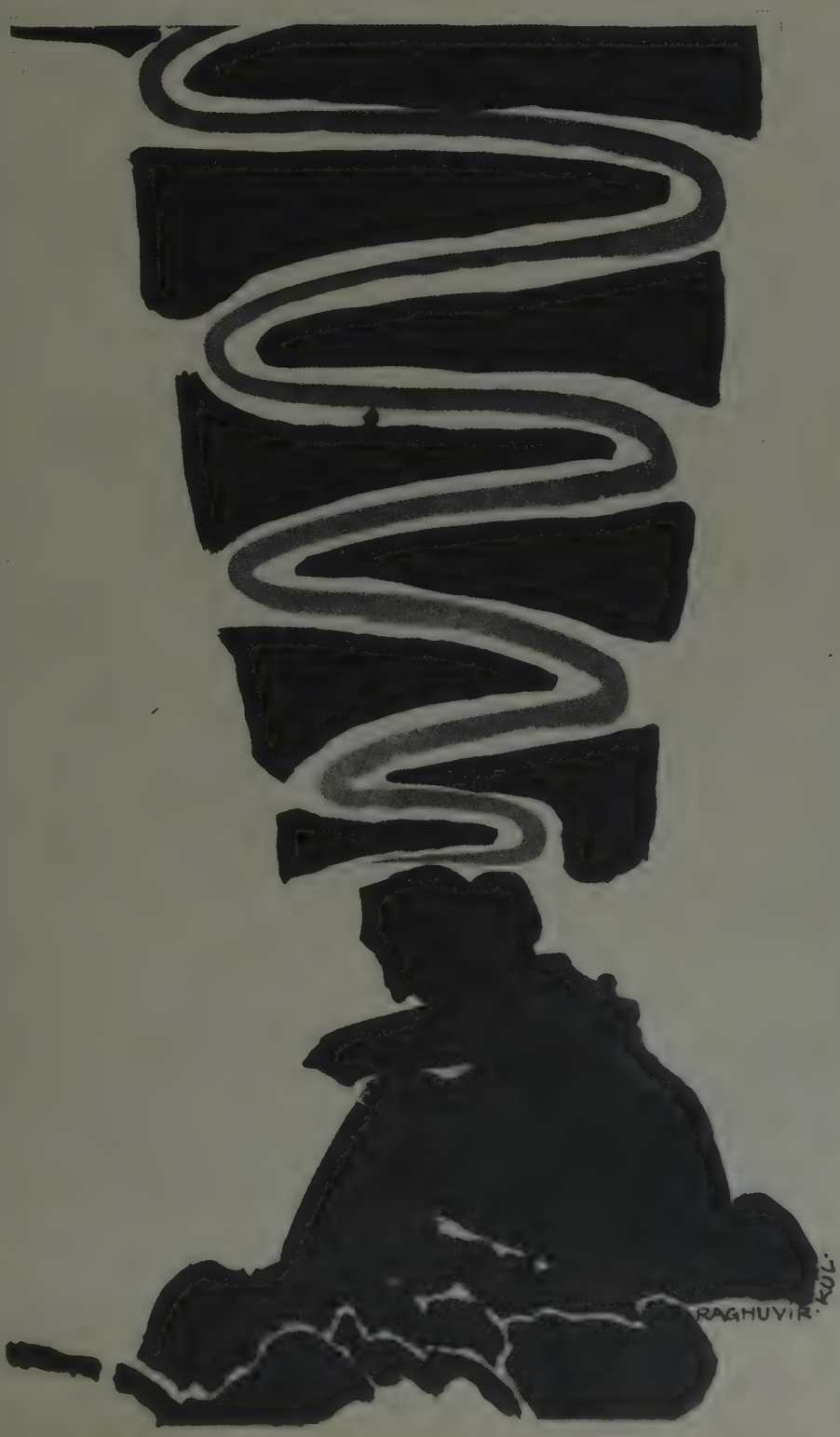
Somehow, standing there like that, in spite of the news she had given me, she looked so defenceless and tragic. Yet, I, who should have given her love and compassion, and forgiven her the sin of her love, had been adamant and stern. Like an avenging angel I had cried out, "No, you must be a fool if you think for a moment that I would abet your crime or condone the disgrace you bring to our respective families. Your parents are right. You have to get rid of it."

She looked down, flinching away from my angry eyes. She was biting her lips, and I could see a pulse throbbing at her throat. I went relentlessly on...

"Or perhaps you think it's one good card you can play. That you can coerce my son into marrying you."

"But...but..." she stammered, "we l...love each other. He promised..."

I cut her short, with a harsh laugh. "Maybe my son did promise to marry you. But do you think every man who promises to marry a girl does so? He never spoke to me about you. I had my own choice — a girl in every way suited to be Anil's wife. You must of course realize you are not on the same social footing. You say, your father is a teacher in the high school. Anil's father, as you presumably know, was a top ranking civil official. Even if Anil were to marry you, it would be much below his status."



SUDDENLY WE WERE IN EACH OTHER'S ARMS, CRYING OUR HEARTS OUT. IT WAS SOMETIME LATER THAT I WHISPERED HOARSELY, "THE BABY...?"

I stressed the status, making her feel as if she was something the cat had brought in.

"I don't know how you ever came to meet. But I would never have accepted you as my daughter-in-law, and I doubt if Anil would have married you, without my approval. Now under the circumstances, he perforce may marry you, but what sort of a marriage do you think it will be? I admit you are pretty enough to have turned Anil's head. But can a marriage be built on that alone? And how do you think Anil will feel, to come back after all the traumatic experience of war, to find he is a father already? I'am sure he would be none too happy over it. Even if you don't care for yourself, at least think of the disgrace and sneers you will be subjecting him to. I'm sure he wouldn't thank you for it. You better get rid of it. After all boys will be boys, and if girls like you don't draw the line, you have only yourselves to blame for your predicament."

She was stammering, and though tears were perilously near, she had enough pride not to let them fall. Though I felt a sneaking admiration for her, I would

I'LL ALWAYS BE LONELY

not let down my guard of hostility. I was determined not to give her any quarter, not to show her any kindness.

"I...I thought, that perhaps... just perhaps, you would understand. I know we did wrong, that I have shocked you. But unlike my parents who can see nothing but the shame and disgrace, I thought you would...er ...be a little kind. Help me to k...keep the child. You see, after all it is your son's baby."

But I would not relent. She belonged to a generation that sees such things in a more rational, and perhaps more humane way. But I belonged to a rigid generation that has a set of hidebound standards that may be outmoded, but to which we nevertheless cling in a false sense of morality and righteousness.

She turned from me then. Some latent sense of pity stirred in my breast, but it could not cut through the wall of anger. Though I had told her that I didn't believe my son had really loved her, I knew within my heart that I had said it to delude myself. It was I knew, just wishful thinking. Like an ostrich that buries its head in the sand, I was trying to shut off the reasoning power in my brain, that told me without doubt that Anil would not have played lightly with a girl's love. I knew him to be better than that. He was honest and upright...If he had not told me about his love for the girl, it could only have been because he was biding his time. And then too, the war had come, and he had gone off. I knew he would tell me about it when he came back. And my anger against the girl was because she had forestalled me. I knew now that the choice of a bride for my son, was not to be my prerogative. The die had already been cast and this girl had pulled the rug from under my feet, without my knowing it.

It was a month later the telegram came that gave me a second shock. This time my whole world came crumbling down my ears. Anil had died in a military ambush. The words stared at me, stunning me with the tragic finality of it. After my husband's death years ago, I had built all my hopes and dreams around my only child. I had not wanted him to go away. I had cried and pleaded. But Anil, loving and dutiful though he was, had had a certain will of his own. He had smiled at me.

"Ma," he had said, laughing. "I'm like a cat with nine lives. Don't think they'll get a bullet into me. Remember that typhoid, when even the doctors thought I would not survive. And that jeep accident when they pulled me out from under, unconscious and bleeding, but alive nevertheless. I'll come back, don't worry."

And somehow, though I hated to see him go, I had believed in a false intuition I had that

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he would come back.

And then, when I recovered a little from the stupor and numbness of my grief, I dragged myself to the girl's house. The news had reached her, and suddenly, without any words being spoken, we were in each other's arms, crying our hearts out. It was sometime later that I whispered hoarsely, "The baby...the baby ...?"

I was asking the question now with the wild hope of a drowning woman clutching at a straw. "If only I had known," she sobbed, "I would have kept it. But the day I left your home, I got it aborted..."

She was not accusing me, but there was shame and guilt in my heart as I said brokenly, "If I had known, I would have stood by you..."

In that hour when we both knew we had lost the one link with Anil, we forgave each other. Perhaps for her it was better so. For some day this girl, who is just stepping on to the threshold of youth, will find happiness with some other man. She will have another innings, and though she may have poignant memories, it is as well she doesn't have a tangible reminder of a lost love. Better that she isn't burdened with a baby born out of wedlock. I know that.

But for me there is nothing left. I have lost my son. Lost too, the chance to see him through his child. And I also know that if I could have seen into the future, that day, in this room, I would not have turned away the girl. I would have said, rightly or wrongly, "Keep the baby. I am with you!"

Or perhaps I didn't fail any of them. It is better so. Perhaps, I did the right thing. But I weep as I hear that baby wail. For I am lonely...I'll always be lonely now.

"GLORIFIED PRISONS"

Continued from page 15

time. Surely they are old enough to decide at least their own bedtime!

Food problems are prevalent in most of the hostels. Here are a few of the more common ones:

Hostels that have a mess make it compulsory for the inmates to pay the full mess charges even if girls are often unable to avail of the mess facilities. While the charges are high, the food given is of poor quality in many hostels. Accounts are often not open to inspection as is the case with the Bhavan's Hostel, Andheri. Certain hostels which do not have mess facilities do not permit the girls to cook in their rooms (as is the case with All-Saints Home, Mazgaon). How they eat is their problem.

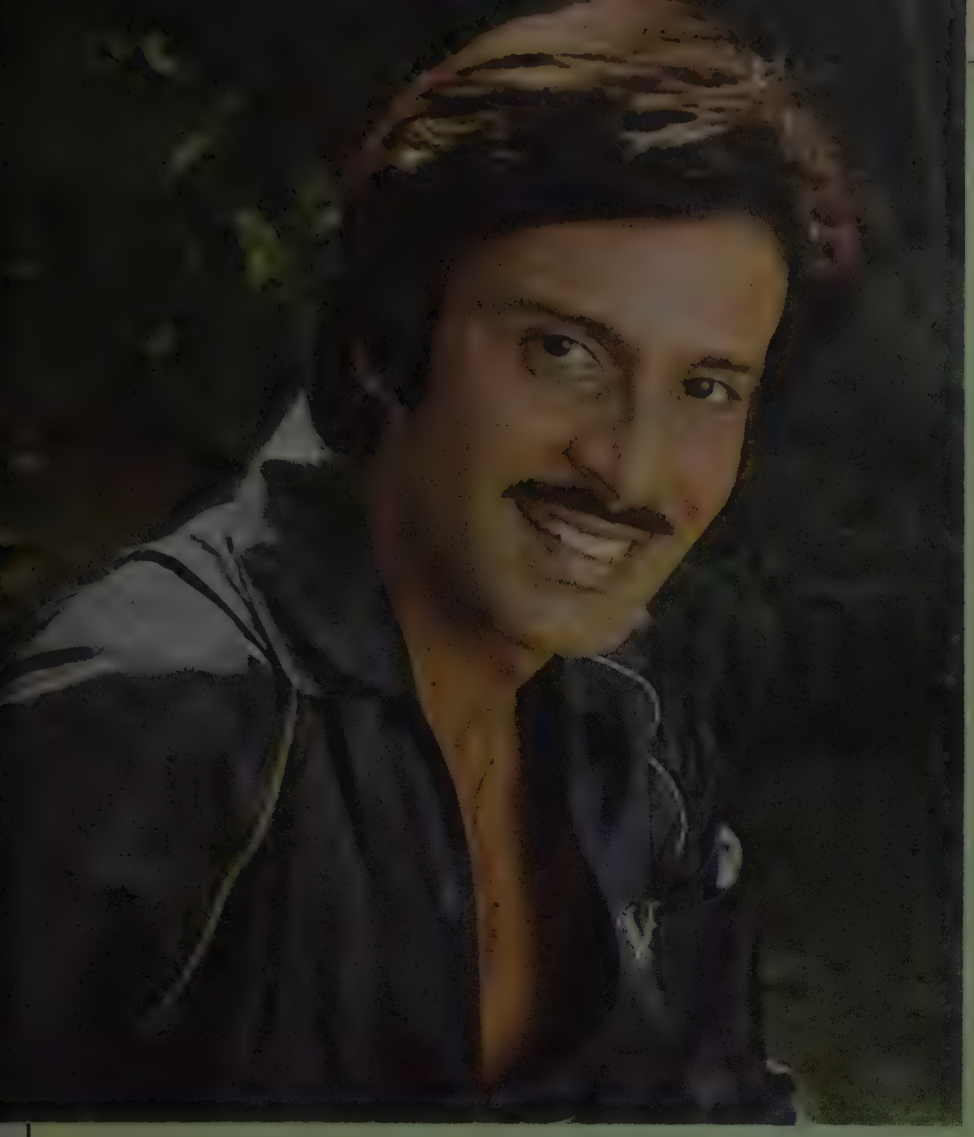
Besides this as Geeta Abraham put it, "These rules are harmful in that they only strengthen and perpetrate the feeling of dependence which is instilled in girls right from their childhood." She felt that a hostel should be a place where a girl's sense of independence should be nurtured and encouraged.

We do have one or two hostels where the inmates enjoy a large degree of independence and human dignity, but unfortunately they are so few.

The Women Graduates Union Hostel, Colaba, for working women, for example has no irritating rules. On talking to an ex-resident, it was found that the facilities are also excellent. The premises are very clean (no smelly lavatories). Most girls find that the food is exceptionaly good for the amount charged. The atmosphere of the hostel is therefore very pleasant. It should be taken note of by all, every warden and overprotective hostel trustee that lack of rules has not led to any disastrous consequences for the girls.

The examples given above just go to prove that girls are capable of managing their own lives if trusted to do so. A hostel need not be a glorified prison. Instead, it ought to be a place where a girl learns to enjoy her independence and uses it tc mature and develop her personality. The role of wardens need to be confined to administering the hostels and girls must be given a greater role in their running.

Nishtha Desai



DEEPAK PARASHER:

TALL AND HANDSOME INDIA PRINCE

Vijaya Irani

It is very appropriate that model-turned-new-star Deepak Parasher should feature here, because he is very much an Eve's Weekly protege. In fact, he said during the interview that he owes his decision to join both the glamour worlds, to that journal and its sister publication "Star & Style".

It was quite a film story, his entry into films, as related by Deepak in his attractive low baritone voice. As the son of a retired Army officer, he had to help out with the home budget when two of his father's attempts at starting a business enterprise failed. Deepak was obliged to take on a part-time hotel management job with Oberoi's in Delhi, his birthplace, even as he was studying for a degree in Literature. So, while he contributed to the household expenses from what he earned at Oberoi's, he kept enough for himself to pay for his education.

"Sometime around 1976, a few friends and I had gone to Oberoi's for a cup of coffee. We noticed an excited crowd outside a particular suite, spilling out on to the corridor. On inquiry we were told that the Eve's Weekly people were conducting the Miss India contest. We were told that there was a male contest too for the title of "India Prince". A little amused at this new idea of a male contest, I took a bet with my friends that I would participate. I am a great one for bets and challenges.

"Making my way through the crowd, I went up to the Editor and asked her if I could enter the contest. That was the beginning of the story of my entering films. I won the "India Prince" title in Bombay. I met Dev Anand . . . who was one of the judges, at the cocktail party after the show. He suggested that I have a try at films and that I could make it. But I knew how difficult it was to get a break in films. So I frankly asked him whether he would give me a break in one of his. Just as frankly he said, no, he wouldn't!"

Deepak returned to Delhi, but the glamour bug had bitten him, and taking a three-month leave from work, he came back to Bombay on borrowed money. There he went to the Eve's Weekly Editor for advice and put his cards on the table.

"She told me I could become a model first while waiting for film roles and put me in touch with Jeannie Naoroji who was having a fashion show. This was the beginning of the first part of my career."

Deepak became a sought-after model, featuring in a total of 300-400 shows both here and abroad and making good money by modelling fabrics and for commercials. But throughout this period his eye was on the film world. So he enrolled at Roshan Taneja's acting school and took up a crash course of three months.

"One day I had gone to Linking Road and as I was walking, a car stopped and a man got out and came to me, saying, would I please go with him to the car? Mr. Chetan Anand wanted to see me, he said. I thought it was a gag, but followed him anyway. Chetan Anand... was in the car and he asked me to see him at his office. I met him there, to be offered a role in his "Salim Anarkali" with Amitabh Bachchan and Priya and I all but whooped with joy. But there was a hitch: he would not start the film till his current "Sahib Bahadur" was completed. I hung around for a year and a half living on this hope that the film would start."

"It was an invitation to B. R. Chopraji's Holi celebrations which proved the turning point," Deepak recalled.

"At the Holi party, as I walked towards the revellers I was greeted with cries of 'Arre, Chopraji ka hero aagaya!' They soaked me in the coloured water and as I lifted my head, I heard Ravi Chopra telling me I was to work in his father's film... it was a new lease of life for me."

His ambition was being fulfilled on a big scale. Not only would he be entering films, he would be launching on his career under the aegis of filmdom's outstanding producer, under a top-class banner and that too with Zeenat Aman, for whom he had nursed a college student crush for so long.

And meanwhile he has already bagged another assignment — the leading role in "Aap To Aise Na The" being made by his maternal uncle, Mr. Mohan Kumar.

Photograph: Abner Bilsteba

PASSING THROUGH

Mrs. Helle Mittler is currently in India along with her husband Prof. Peter Mittler on a lecture tour. They are giving lectures on "Problems of mental retardation" in Bombay, Delhi, Calcutta, Bangalore, Ahmedabad and Hyderabad. Their visit has been arranged by the Pandurangi Memorial Trust for Mentally Retarded Children, Bangalore. This is their first visit to India.

Mrs. Helle Mittler is a trained social worker and has specialised in the field of child guidance. She works in a child guidance clinic in Manchester, which is a part of the school service programme of the Local Authority.

Helle basically works with children who are emotionally disturbed and those who have learning difficulties.

Most child guidance clinics in the U.K., she said. function as part of the Local Authority. "Almost all schools have child guidance clinics and we get our referrals from schools. Psychologists and parents refer children to the clinics. We get children who have learning difficuties, emotional problems and those who need special education. In the course of our experience we have found that when parents refer, the prognosis is better."

Referring to the general attitude of parents who refer children to clinics, Mrs. Mittler said, "Even in U.K. parents do not want to bring children to the clinic. There is a stigma about bringing a child to the clinic. Most parents are frustrated and they feel bad being typed as bad parents. We do have several counselling sessions to dispel the myth of the 'perfect parent'. We keep telling them that all parents make mistakes while bringing up children."

Mrs. Mittler was asked if there was a general feeling that faulty parental attitudes and problems lead to behavioural problems in children, and what other problems brought about emotional

HELLE MITTLER

COUNSELLING FOR CHILDREN

disturbances in children.

"Poverty, poor housing, low income, unemployment are major causes for creating emotional disturbances in children," she replied. "We also have parents having problems of alcoholism mental illness, chronic illness marital difficulties, etc."

Recent trends in the treatment of emotionally disturbed children, Mrs. Mittler said, included the multidisciplinary approach along with the eclectic approach. There were a number of joint sessions with the family, and the child was also watched in the clinic and the home setting.

"We also use behavioural methods which consist of various ways of helpjng a grown up disturbed child. We have the 'Self Monitoring' method where we ask the child to list various difficulties he or she faces with teachers and parents over a period of one week. We also ask the child to record the days when he or she feels that there is no problem.

They used the sand tray and drawing methods to help the disturbed child. "Apart from individual work we are planning to work for larger groups of children through school. By the individual method we help about one per cent of disturbed children. In the group approach we covered almost 20 per cent of disturbed children. This approach was the consequence of research that was done in the Isle of Wight. Here questionnaires were given to parents and teachers to find out the extent of the problem, and it was found that about 20 per cent of the children in a total composition, had various degrees of problems. The British Government has requested the Local Authorities to concentrate on this problem and see that these children are helped. The school psychologist is expected to work with teachers and create an awareness among them about disturbed children."

Kamala Kumar

THAT'S A LAUGH!

"My dear," said the politician's wife, "the baby was trying to talk again."

"What was he talking about?"

"I think it must have been politics. He started very calmly, but in a few minutes he was angry and red in the face. It's wonderful how he takes after you."

* * *

The blacksmith was instructing a novice in the way to fix a horseshoe.

"I'll bring the shoe from the fire and lay it on the anvil. When I nod my head you hit it with this hammer."

The apprentice did exactly as he was told and, today, he owns the blacksmith's shop.

* * *

Judge: "What possible excuse could you have for acquitting the prisoner?"

Foreman of the Jury: "Insanity, sir."

Judge: "What, all twelve of you?"

* * *

First Lawyer: "As soon as I realised it was a crooked business, I got out of it."

Second Lawyer: "How much?"

Gossip: "Her husband is suffering from syncopation."

Ditto: "I thought he was just an ordinary drunk."

Gossip: "That's right. Syncopation is an irregular movement from bar to bar."

* * *

"Mummy," said the little broom straw. "How did I come into the world?"

"Well, dear," said Mummy, "your daddy and I swept together."

* * *

Hard work will never kill you

Tis said all over town,
For sweat's the only liquid
In which you cannot drown.

* * *

The marriage counsellor was asking a woman some questions about her disposition.

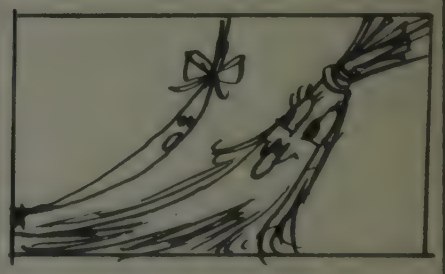
"Did you wake up grumpy this morning?"

"No," she answered, "I let him sleep."

* * *

After they had talked for a couple of hours the actor said to the girl: "Now we've talked about me long enough. Let's talk about you. What did you think of my last play?"

* * *



A new doctor going his ward rounds was astonished to find that the first nine beds he inspected carried pregnant girls. The tenth however wasn't pregnant. He looked questioningly at her, until she explained: "It's like this, Doctor. I wasn't at the picnic."

Compiled by George Fegradoe

BEAUTY BULLETIN

DANDRUFF PROBLEM

I am 21 and have on oily skin, my hair is also oily. My problem is dandruff, how do I get rid of it?

R. J. (Allahabad)

Dandruff is caused by metabolic disturbance, poor blood circulation, improper diet, oily hair, inadequate cleansing and sometimes it is hereditary too.

Constant hair care and thorough cleanliness prevents dandruff. Shampoo your hair with an anti-dandruff lotion twice a week. You can try washing it with two-day-old sour curds or rubbing lemon juice on the scalp and rinsing well.

Be careful about your diet too. Eliminate from your diet food high in fat content as this stimulates the oil glands producing excess oil.

Keep your brushes and combs absolutely clean to prevent infection.

DULL HAIR

I am expecting my first child in May. My problem is that my hair has become dull and has started falling slightly. Please suggest a remedy for this.

M. J. (Delhi)

Sometimes during pregnancy hair becomes lifeless and even starts falling. This may continue after your delivery, too. But there is no cause for alarm as this is a temporary phase. The best treatment is sensible care — regular brushing, massage to tone up and stimulate the scalp, and shampooing.

But if the condition persists, medical advice is necessary.

REGULAR HAIR CARE

SHE HAS FINE HAIR

I have baby fine hair which does not give a full appearance to my hairstyle. It looks rather flat whereas I want it to appear thick. Is there a remedy?

Also I want to know what is temporary hair colour.

B. A. C. (Chandigarh)

You need not despair. You can make your hair look thick by clever cutting and having it permed to add body. Frequent shampooing will help, too.

A short, simple style, with a special taper cut in layers to create an illusion of thickness, would be the best for you.

Temporary colour is hair colour which can be removed from the hair just by shampooing it.

WRINKLED FINGERS

My fingers are not long and they are slightly wrinkled. I want them to be smooth and long. I am 24.

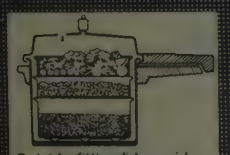
R. E. (Madras)

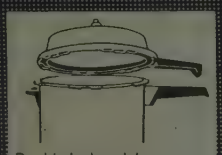
It is not possible to alter hereditary factors, but you should try and make the best of them. Manicure your nails regularly. When filing them shape them to ovals to make your fingers appear elongated. Apply pastel shades so that they are not too conspicuous.

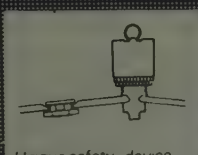
Always apply a hand lotion after washing your hands. Keep a bottle ready at the kitchen sink or bathroom. At night massage a hand cream.

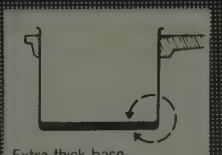
Glycerine mixed with a little lemon juice keeps hands soft but never use glycerine on skin that is broken. Remember always to wear gloves when doing household chores or gardening.

8 reasons why...


Outside-fitting lid provides maximum cooking space – with or without separators; for greater fuel economy.


Double locking lid ensures cooker cannot be opened while there is pressure Safe and easy to use


Unique safety-device ensures total safety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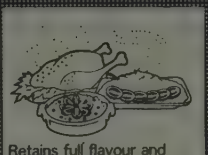
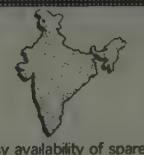

Retains full flavour and nutritive value of all kinds of food, by sealed, hygienic cooking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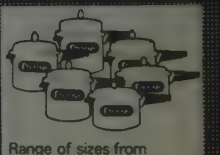
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CONSUMER AWARENESS

The right to safety, the right to choose, the right to be informed and the right to be heard are the fundamental rights of every consumer.

HACKING A WAY THROUGH

Krishna Basrur TALKS TO CONSUMER ACTIVIST MARION GIORDAN

When Marion Giordan, journalist and commentator on consumer affairs, walked into the office of the authority implementing the Trade Descriptions Act, carrying packages of cake and curry and other instant mixes, they wondered what she was up to. They soon found out. The packages contained a variety of instant mixes made up in strict accordance with the instructions on the package. The results looked and were very different from the scrumptious and mouth watering pictures on the package. The cakes were vastly smaller, the curries much less in quantity than was suggested by the pictures. The officials found it fascinating — they had never thought of doing it themselves.

"The Picture on the Package" became the subject of a feature in the prestigious "Observer"

which evoked an instant reaction. Consumers generally lack confidence and this was borne out by their letters. Lots of them wrote in to say that they had never realised that the picture was at fault. "I thought it was me," they said. The result of all the publicity was that the manufacturers redesigned the packages.

Marion, who was in India recently on a private visit, gave two talks on Consumerism arranged by Glaxo Laboratories and the Xavier Institute of Mass Communications, met members of the Consumer Guidance Society of India and was interviewed by the Press and T.V. She had a fund of fascinating experiences as a consumerist.

Another time Marion found something in a cup of strawberry yoghurt that was not on the list of ingredients — an earwig! A little write-up on the subject brought in letters showing that it was a fairly widespread occurrence. The manufacturers explained that insects got into the fruit pulp, but they soon put up an expensive screen in the factory to keep out insects after which there were no more complaints on this score.

Then there was the case of fashion shoes. Teenagers, said Marion, are mad about expensive boots which cost them about £.30 But in wet weather the boots let in water. Complaints about this brought forth the explanation that they were fashion wear not to be worn in rough weather. All such items now have to be labelled "fashion wear" as a consequence of the action Marion and her group took.

Marion Giordan

Marion's career as a broadcaster and commentator on consumer affairs started in 1975 after 12 years spent in industrial publishing as editor of a publication on structural engineering. Having some spare time, she agreed to edit "Insight", the publication of the Housewives Trust.

Exposure to consumer problems brought home to her the extent of the communications gap between business and consumers. She has been trying to bridge this, to make industry realise that many consumer problems arise because of a lack of the right kind of information. As an example she cited the highly technical and complicated instruction booklets supplied with appliances like washing machines and cookers. These could actually be made quite simple, she said, so that consumers could make minor adjustments for themselves without calling in an expensive mechanic for a mere two-minute job. But manufacturers showed little interest in the suggestion.

It was the strong ground swell of consumer dissatisfaction which was naively ignored by business that forced government to intervene and bring in a spate of consumer laws from the fifties to the seventies, says Marion. People were increasingly concerned about food additives, about misuse of natural resources like air, water, energy, about excessive smoking, drinking and consumption of sugary foods, all actively encouraged by advertising.

People were being organised into consumer units through advertising and made to respond to artificially created wants. Instead of industry adapting to people's needs, people were made to adapt to industry's needs. As an illustration Marion cited the case of Smash, an instant mashed potato product. She just could not believe that anyone could have felt a need for instant mashed potatoes though the manufacturers assured her consumers did. Later, it emerged that they had some spare plant capacity, wanted to introduce a new product and found that the existing plant

THE CONSUMER JUNGLE

could mash potatoes. Skilful advertising then tried to persuade women that they had been waiting for instant mashed potatoes all their lives.

Due to increasing prosperity there were many first time buyers of products, whose ignorance exposed them to exploitation. The spread of self-service stores where you pick up every thing you want neatly prepackaged, from shop shelves created new problems. Members of Parliament began to get a large number of complaints about damaged tomatoes and cracked eggs in packages.

Government brought in a series of Acts for consumer protection among which were the very important Consumer Safety Act and the Trade Descriptions Act (1968). The former sought to control manufacture of hazardous products such as lead in paints for toys or sharp pins used to attach the eyes of toy animals. The latter Act covers oral and written description of products. So stringent is the Act that today if a manufacturer advertises that a certain film star uses his products he has to make sure that she uses it. Used cars advertised for sale must give the mileage done.

In 1974, the Government set up the National Consumer Council to ensure that the consumer's voice was heard as clearly as those of industry and the trade unions. Recently, Marion said, a consortium of industries had commissioned a very expensive survey to prove to the Government that consumer protection measures were costing the country about £.100 per person per year and that cuts were necessary. The Consumer Council promptly stepped in and proved that the total cost of consumer protection per person per year was no more than £.10.

Speaking on the role of Citizens' Advisory Bureaus and Consumer Advice Centres, Marion said that these bodies funded by local and central governments respectively, attended to millions of complaints and requests for advice. The CABs are operated almost solely by trained volunteers, but each centre has a paid manager and there is a central organisation which raises funds.

The 120 consumer advisory centres have staff trained in contract law to help consumers. These are situated in the big shopping centres and are open during shopping hours. If a significantly large number of complaints are received about a particular item such as shoes, they are forwarded to the Office of Fair Trading which puts them through a computer. Any general complaint requiring investigation is taken up with the manufacturer and, if necessary, legislation is enacted. These centres have strong contacts with the mass media to publicise matters whenever necessary.

The Government has decided to withdraw its grants to the CACs leaving it to the local governments to continue these if desired. Marion was concerned about the attitude of the Conservative Government to consumer protection. In 1974, she said the Labour Government had set up a Department of Prices and Consumer Protection headed by a Minister of cabinet rank. The Conservatives had reduced this to a division and the Minister in charge no longer had cabinet status and could not take up consumer issues in the Cabinet.

However, the Government was funding pressure groups to look after the interest of consumers of electricity, coal, gas and the post office, all of which are nationalised and enjoy a monopoly. The public outcry which followed the decision to close down the Price Commission was so great, Marion said, that the Government has decided to give the Monopolies Commission more staff and greater powers to question industry regarding prices and expenditure.

Marion's interest in consumer problems quickly drew her into the field of consumer education for children and especially for low income, low ability children. In England, she said, children earn quite a lot of pocket money. The 15-21 year olds, a high spending group, is much exploited because of its inexperience and the compelling desire to follow fashion fads. They would save up and buy expensive shoes costing up to £.30 only to find that they barely lasted six months. The same was true of clothes. Teenagers need help in choosing safe cosmetics. Drinks and ice-creams consumed by children are so highly coloured that they stain the mouth. The European Economic Community has recently restricted the use of such colours. Irresponsible advertising inculcates false values, tells children that they won't be loved or get a job if they have spots on the face. Advertisements never show children helping around the house or washing dishes, she commented.

The desire to communicate with child consumers took her into schools. She remembers the first experience she had. There were about forty teenagers all steadily beating on their desks with both hands to frighten her. And she was frightened! But somehow they quietened down and by the end of of the talk, she says, they were eagerly asking questions. The children were hungry for information. Convinced of the need to educate them on consumer matters she started "Buy line," the first consumer newspaper for schools in the world, with the help of a publisher. The children liked it and so did their parents who soon started sending in their own complaints.

Children now get a good deal of regular consumer education in the school syllabus on a variety of subjects such as energy conservation, monopolies, the roles of profit, domestic consumption, advertising, standards. They are encouraged to study products and act on their observations. Studying chocolate bars advertised as "new" they found that the only thing new about them was their size. They were smaller for the same price — a disguised price hike! 12-oz. jars were the same size as 1 lb. jars but the glass was thicker. They learned to look for the marked weight. The children are encouraged to assist in community studies. One such survey studied difficulties experienced by people in wheelchairs in entering shops, another established the density of traffic at school crossings with the children counting the buses, lorries and cars.

Marion has written books for consumers — "The Consumer Jungle" (1974) and "How to be Exploited" (1978) — in addition to innumerable articles. She explained that she was always very careful to see that there was nothing libellious in her books and articles.

She has reported on Consumer Education in the U.K. for E.E.C. and is bringing out a Consumer Hand-book for Teachers this year. Currently, she is Assistant Secretary of the Electricity Consumers' Council which presents the consumer view-point on electricity and electrical appliances to Government and Industry. The Council is demanding that the manufacturers should specify the electricity consumption of each gadget. Electricity costs being very high, this is important for consumers. Faulty insulation in cookers can result in over-heating of handles and knobs, causing burns. Following representations, the British Standards Institution is now revising standards for cookers. Compensation is being demanded for sudden spurts in electricity which can damage television sets.

Though Marion does not feel that consumerists have managed to make much of a dent in the self-protection systems of industry, there have been a few heartening victories. After broadcasts regarding several cases of false advertising in the papers, newspapers voluntarily undertook to vet advertisements before publication. Publicity for business malpractices, for consumer hazards which are constantly ignored, for the obtuseness and indifference of public monopolies, is a potent weapon as Marion Giordan has proved time and again.

Mama Volita is here!

With many surprises in store, jelly and custard galore!

Volita Jelly—so delicious!
Volita Custard—so nutritious!
Enjoy them separately, together,
or combine them with fruit,
nuts, sponge cake, icecream...
to make over 101 tasty desserts!

The only **vitaminised** custard!
In 6 flavours!

Jelly...in 4 fruity flavours that say 'have more'!

ULKA-VDF-3

Volita
Jelly Crystals & Custard Powder

IN MY OWN WRITE

Humour, the way it is.

FAT AND THE SINGLE GIRL

In **Anna and the King of Siam** there is an amusing bit where the Siamese children express their belief that European women must have vast tree-trunk legs — or else why did they need to wear such long, wide skirts? A similar situation exists between myself and the voluminous tent-like clothes I wear. Only, with me, unlike the European women, under these concealing masses of cloth, are quivering masses of flesh.

Now, people sometimes get the mistaken impression — the Lord knows why — that I **like** to eat. This is not the case at all. The fact is, food just finds its own way to my mouth and before I can protest or go on strike, it slips between my teeth and down my gullet, without so much as a by-your-leave. Take the huge, big cheesecake my sister once made. One day it was there in the fridge and the next day it had completely vanished away. We searched high and low for it and only after close cross-examination of all witnesses found loitering in or around the refrigerator was it established beyond doubt that most of it was en route to my small intestine. It was so perplexing.

It hasn't always been like this. I remember a time back there when I was a mere smudge on the landscape, refusing my Farex unless it was laced with caviar. Later, when I had reached the age of solids, I accepted a select range of items. Fried eggs, ice-cream and sausages with mashed potatoes were OK, all the other nutritious stuff, vegetables in particular, were just so much garbage. The crucial period was between the ages of eight and twelve, that dangerous time of life when all good children are out proving their high breeding and superior mental capacities by entering eating competitions. It was at this age that I established such records as twenty-four samosas in half an hour, twelve large bottles of Coca Cola during one cocktail party when my parents weren't watching, forty loose-jacket oranges while I had chicken-pox and couldn't eat anything else in large quantities, a three-quarter gallon packet of vanilla ice-cream at one sitting, and so on.

But the turning point was really at my boarding school. That was when I was at the age when people laugh off one's fears about being gargantuan in later life, by saying things like "puppy fat!" and "growing children!" Well, I took it all to heart and grew. Also, in the particular boarding school I went to, it was forbidden to leave school looking emaciated as this might provoke parents to withhold fees. So they had this policy of chaining us to our plates and standing behind us with whips until we'd licked up all our rice, bananas, potatoes and bread, which were the staples of our diet.

Naturally, being a serious and law-abiding student only too ready to please my superiors, by the time I left school I could barely fit into my socks without a struggle.

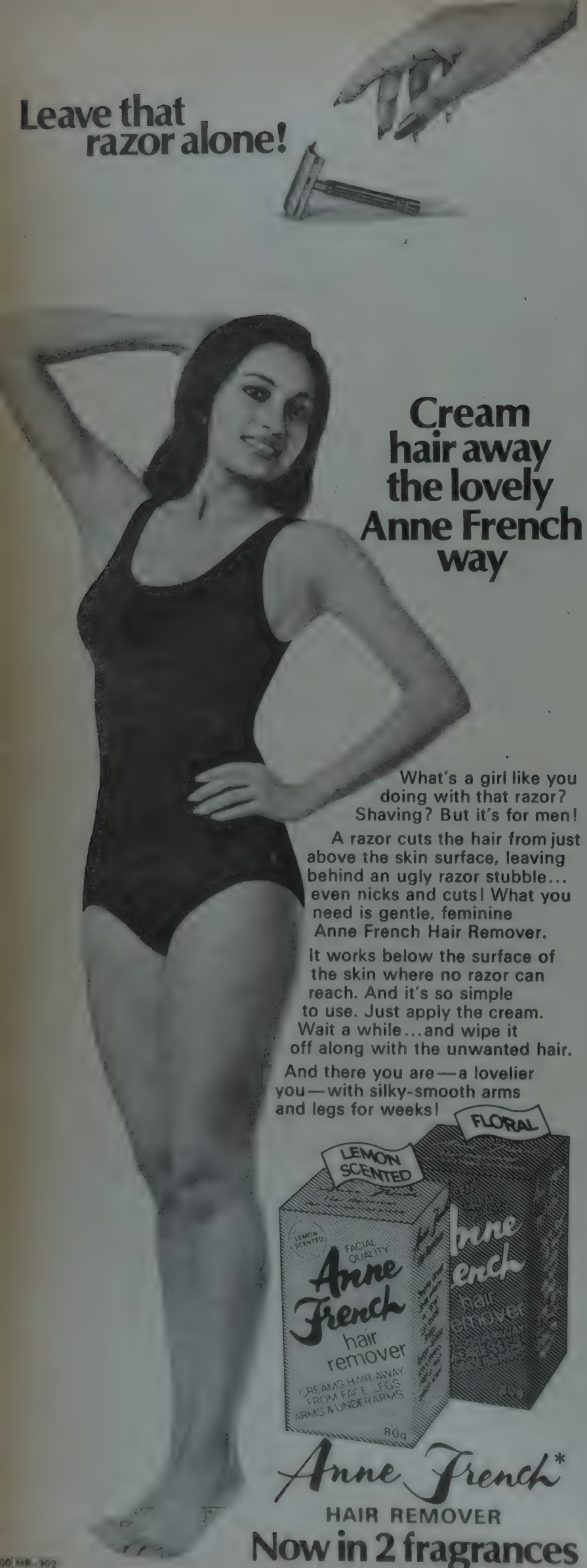
It was all downhill after that. Most of the years wasted at college were a routine of eating and studying, the former far exceeding the latter, especially during exams. Other people go off food when they are feeling anxious; me, I hog with renewed vigour because I am concerned about the levels of nutrition being received by my brain.

Of course, I tried all the fad diets. There was the ice-cream diet which has you eating two scoops of ice-cream four times a day and nothing else in between. I managed the ice-cream part all right, but couldn't find any shops which sold nothing-else, and so substituted normal food for that. It didn't seem to work. Then there was that awful twenty-boiled-eggs-a-day diet which lasted until the neighbourhood chickens were bribed to stop producing eggs for a while. There was the lime juice diet which lasted until the time I went to the bathroom and corroded the toilet bowl. There was the eat-all-you-like-until-you-burst diet, which lasted a long time, because I didn't burst anything except my jeans. I even tried the love-and-fresh-air diet, but all that meant was that I had a romance with a tandoori chicken, and breathed heavily.

Of course, with advancing maturity, things have levelled out a bit. I mean, at the grand old age of twenty-six, I no longer need popcorn as a visual aid at movies and do not salivate at the sound of mangoes being cut. And as I said before, I don't really like food or even make any real attempt to forage for it on my own account. It just insinuates itself into my life. Like the other day, while I was at the dining table and meditating about higher things, this huge luscious pizza sitting in front of me, literally jumped up, threw itself at my face and violated my stomach before I had a chance to defend myself. Really.

A. Kaulumnisst

Leave that razor alone!



Cream hair away the lovely Anne French way

What's a girl like you doing with that razor? Shaving? But it's for men!

A razor cuts the hair from just above the skin surface, leaving behind an ugly razor stubble... even nicks and cuts! What you need is gentle, feminine Anne French Hair Remover.

It works below the surface of the skin where no razor can reach. And it's so simple to use. Just apply the cream. Wait a while...and wipe it off along with the unwanted hair.

And there you are—a lovelier you—with silky-smooth arms and legs for weeks!

Anne French*

HAIR REMOVER

Now in 2 fragrances

*Licensed User of T.M.

The Loneliness Of The Gulf Indian

The dream merchants of today promised him good money, good living. But little did he bargain for the miles and miles of sand and loneliness.

A cover feature.

MIRROR

MARCH 1980

- **The World's Ten Great Neglected Novels**
  Ka Naa Subramanyam polishes some lesser-known literary gems.
- **How To Cut Your Rail Travel Costs**
  A list of 30 different kinds of concessions offered by the Indian Railways.
- **Indian Swimming: Buoyant Hopes**
  Profiles of promising teenagers hopeful of taking Indian swimming to international standards.
- **The Execution Of Bhagat Singh**
  The stormy days which preceded the execution of this stormy freedom fighter on 23 March 1931.
- **A Job Well Done**
  Short story by Ruskin Bond.

Plus Other Regular Features

Incentive

THE OPEN UNIVERSITY— A NEW CHALLENGE

Mother and daughter to appear together for an examination? Interesting, though surely not as astounding as a grandmother and grand-daughter appearing for the same exam. Incredible though this may sound, it is now possible even for a 72-year-old grandma to fulfil her long cherished dream of completing her graduation, thanks to the Open University Programme of the S.N.D.T. Women's University.

Introduced in June 1979 as an experimental measure, the programme has received a tremendous response from women from all walks of life. This innovative programme provides a unique opportunity for receiving University level education for all women above the age of 21 who are capable and motivated to learn, regardless of their age or previous qualifications. This is an opportunity for pursuing higher education through a non-formal channel.

According to Madhuriben Shah, the Vice-Chancellor of the University, "There is rigidity in our formal systems which binds people into routine." This new experiment according to her is a refreshing change which aims "to combine a non-formal system with an elastic one."

Madhuriben, who is the first lady President of the World Education fellowship, on one of her recent visits abroad was very much impressed by the Open University scheme in the West and decided to experiment with it in her University.

One of the important highlights of this programme is that no examination needs to be passed like the S.S.C. or the 12th standard. The only hurdle is the simple entrance test. Once this is passed, the candidate can take up the degree course. This test aims to judge the language competence in the medium through which the individual wants to study (Hindi. Marathi, Gujarathi or English) and also her working knowledge of either the national (Hindi) or international language (English). It is also designed to test the individual's general awareness of the socio-economic problems facing the country.

In August 1979 the first batch of over 800 students took the entrance test and 92 per cent of them passed the test. These students have joined the undergraduate work in the open university programme.

All lessons in this scheme are carried on through correspondence. Traditional lectures have been replaced by periodic tutorials and contact meetings with specially appointed counsellors. Students are required to send in response sheets from time to time for assessment and evaluation. This allows the students to study at their own pace.

The University offers several combinations of courses, thus providing a variety of course choices to suit individual needs and interests. The student can either take up the traditional courses offered for the B.A. or B.Com. degree for the regular students of the University or choose from a number of applied courses which are job-oriented or of high interest value. Such courses include child-care and development, food and nutrition, accountancy and secretarial practice, management of education, textile designing, interior decoration, family life, education, and so on. For courses that require laboratory work, the University offers practical training facilities on week-ends and during vacations.

For all the above benefits the students pays a nominal fee of Rs. 178 annually and Rs. 67 as examination fees. Considering that regular collegians pay much more, this scheme works out much cheaper for the student who enrolls for the new programme. Mr. I. N. Kaji, Co-ordinator of the University, says, "Not only is this scheme a non-profit one, but we can say that it borders on a loss for us." The printing and postage being expensive, they hardly have any profit worth the name. Yet, this University, which has been engaged in the task of educating women, has taken up this new challenge.

At the moment they have 20 contact centres in Maharashtra and Gujarat.

Mrs. Jyotsna Sheth, a 43-year-old mother of four, is a student of Sociology under this scheme. Her daughter Meera is a regular student of the degree course in the same University. Why did she take up this course? "I was married at an early age and had to discontinue my studies. Now that my children have grown up I have lots of time on hand, and so I decided to complete what I had left half-done," she says. Both mother and daughter will be appearing together for the same exam this summer.

Suman, who is employed as a clerk in a private firm, had to discontinue her studies almost a decade ago due to financial difficulties. She has now enrolled herself at the University and hopes to complete her graduation in order to get a better job.

This programme indeed has come as a God-send to many women whose education had been interrupted due to varied reasons. With increased competition on the employment front, women have realised the importance of education and are coming forward to educate themselves. While for some it is a necessity, for others it is a prestige symbol to have a degree to their credit. Whatever be the reason, S.N.D.T. has now thrown open its portals and is helping women to help themselves.

Aruna Mallya

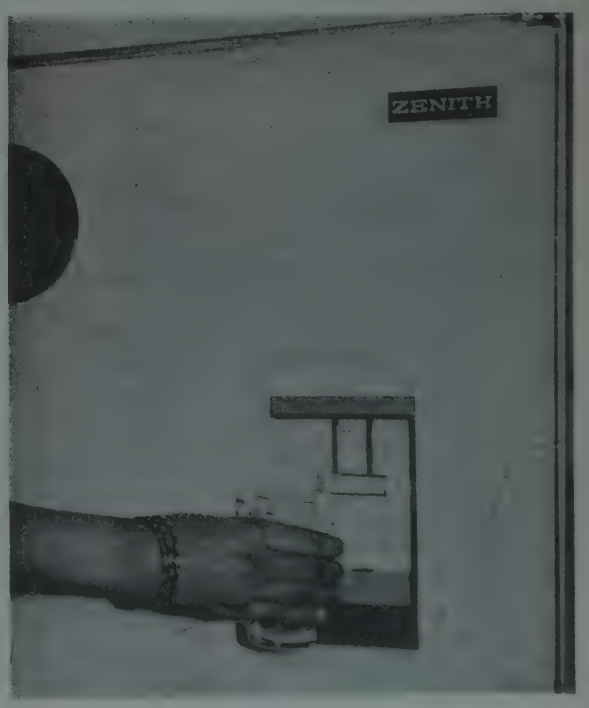
WHAT'S NEW

To help you keep track of the useful new products that come into the market now and again.

And now Fedders Lloyd have introduced a novel innovation in their "Zenith" refrigerators. You can have chilled water without opening the refrigerator: so easy, so convenient and hygienic too!

The door is fitted with a panel having a plastic window. You push this up and press your glass lightly against the water dispenser and your glass is filled within seconds.

The refrigerator has a built-in water cooler which can be filled with boiled water, aerated drinks, etc. This breakthrough in technology has several advantages — most important, it increases the life of the refrigerator. Price Rs. 4650 for a 165-litre capacity refrigerator. Can be had at "Zenith" dealers throughout the country.



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HOW TO MAKE YOUR FUEL GAS LAST LONGER

For the most economic way of using LPG in your kitchen, follow these simple rules:

1. Use a pressure cooker, cooking time is less.
2. Put as little liquid in the cooking pan as possible.
3. Cover the pan whenever possible.
4. When you are boiling any food, lower the fuel flame to low or simmer point as soon as boiling point is reached. Simmer point maintains boiling temperature and saves one-fourth fuel. If you leave the pan boiling with a big flame, cooking is **not quicker** and **gas is wasted.**
5. The flame should cover only the bottom of the vessel and not spread over the sides. In other words, adjust the flame so that heat from the flame is not wasted.
6. The burner should not be kept near an open window or doors as any draught results in heat loss.
7. If the burner gives a sooty yellow flame, it means that it is not working at 100 per cent efficiency. The colour of the flame should be blue for you to get the maximum thermal efficiency. If the burner needs attention, please don't hesitate to call your distributor who will arrange to rectify any defects.
9. Turn the burner off every time you stop using it. It is so easy to relight.
9. If there is a smell of gas you should turn off the burner and the cylinder valve, then call your distributor. This will prevent wastage of gas and the fire hazard.
10. Plan meal and tea times, avoid repeated reheating of food.

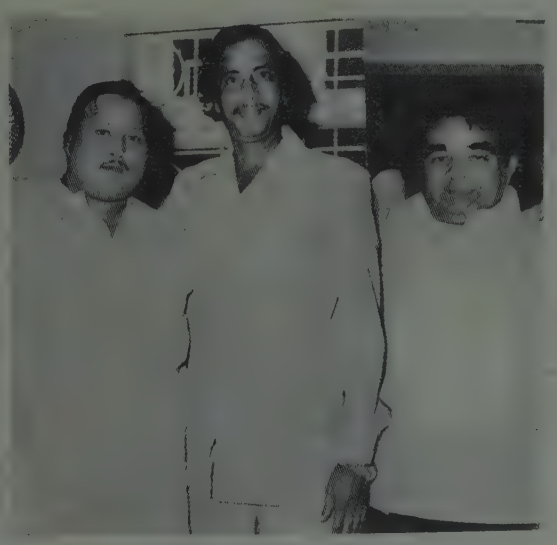
FRANKLY SPEAKING

Devi

OF MASTAN, MUSIC AND DOODH KI CHAI

Every evening I watch the stars zooming up and down. No, I do not mean Zeenat, Amitabh, Rekha, but the moodier ones like the crystal clear Venus, the nail-shaped new Moon, hot, red Mars, pale Jupiter. Venus, one evening was almost a breath away from the Moon. Much though I say I do not believe in astrology or planets, I like to watch the sky with the passion of astronomer-poet Omar Khayyam, and according to astrologers, Venus, Jupiter and Saturn are my strong stars and Moon can steer me clean to insanity.

And the effect of the new combination in the sky was volcanic for me. Within a fortnight there were so many patch-ups, and my path was once again strewn with stars. Apart from Chintu, Raj, there were Shashi, Shammi, also Sanjeev, Dilip Kumar. Then Raaj Kumar, sporting dangling silver earrings, also walked up to me with "Jani, tum mashuq lag rehi ho." Hardly did I recover from the jolt when the Dharam patch-up came on Saturday, and the next Saturday it was Haji Mirza Mastan.



My hot headline of three years ago, Haji opted for respectability and stardom, a puzzling combination. The result is he looks faded, worn out, pale. All the same, he filled my life with music. On the patch-up day itself he hosted the visiting Paki Qawals Nusrat and Mujahid, sons of famous qawals Fateh Ali and Mubarak Ali respectively, of "Barsaat Ki Raat", at his bungalow. Some two hundred people were entertained to doodh ki chai, biryani, mutton Bangalore style. I thought Mastan saab was still annoyed with me when he called the qawals, for I had heard them at the opening night at Matushri Sabhagar, and found them like pahelwans, and not only visually. They sing too much raagdaari and do kasrat like hututu-kabadi players with the ragas. But under Mastansaab's strict orders of "No raagdaari" the qawals that night were not only soothing but nasha. Then, on orders from Mastansaab, they cut down on Allah and stressed gulabi nargisi aanken. The result was that beautiful gazal "Halka halka sarur hai".

Mukri showering the qawals with notes provoked me into throwing currency notes too. Of course, while Mukri threw Mastan's notes. I was intoxicated on chai and music and threw my "Society" remuneration (I had received it that very noon).

Mehdi Hassan, headline of two years ago, is also in town for the last two months. He is not allowed to give public performances. "He sings better than he did two years ago," said his Canada based organiser. May be, but he has to pay the price of having been a craze. Before he could be a habit, he was gone. The sharab may be very good, but what is the use when the nasha is over?

PEOPLE AND EVENTS

BOMBAY

In celebration of Zonta International's 60th Anniversary Zonta Club of Bombay I donated more than Rs. 1 lakh for the repairs and renovation of the building of the Home for children of leprosy patients run by the Society of Helpers of Mary at Asangaon. The building was declared open by Mr. Sadiq Ali, the Governor of Maharashtra. Earlier, Mrs. Manju Shah, President of Zonta Club of Bombay I welcomed the Governor and gave a short account of the service activities of the club.

Mrs. Mera Phiroze Shroff, Chairman of the Service Projects Committee, said in her speech that over 25 per cent of the donation had been received by the Club from Zonta Clubs in Japan, Europe, and Australia and from individual Zontians in other countries. The donation of over Rs. 1 lakh by the Club was therefore an international donation. She thanked the Lotus Trust and Pirojshaw Godrej Foundation and other donors. The Home will have accommodation for 200 children.

Sister Superior General Anandlata of the Society proposed the vote of thanks. The function was followed by a very interesting entertainment programme given by the children of the Home.

* * *

The Partha Institute of Personality Development recently held a function at which Mrs. Shanti Sadiq Ali was the Chief Guest. She gave away the prizes to the winners of the Canara Bank Inter-School Quiz Contest. Mr. M. V. Kamath, Editor, The Illustrated Weekly of India presided on the occasion.

* * *

An exhibition of paintings by Rabin Mondal was held at the Max Mueller Bhavan, Prince of Wales Museum Annexe. The exhibition was sponsored by the Max Mueller Bhavan, Bombay.

15 blind children of the NAB-Mata Lachmi Nursery for the Blind, Sion, were invited as special guests at the show given by Maheshkumar and party at the Shanmukhananda Hall.

* * *

Mrs. Shanti Sadiq Ali inaugurated the U.G.C. sponsored workshop on "Evaluation of Nutritional Status" at Sir Vithaldas Thackersey College of Home Science recently. The objective of this workshop is to evaluate the methods used to identify malnutrition and to plan effective programmes of identification and prevention of malnutrition in the community. Dr. P. M. Udani, an eminent paediatrician, spoke on the occasion and Dr. (Mrs.) Smita P. Roy gave the vote of thanks.

DELHI

St. Stephen's Hospital Patients' Welfare Society presented a musical evening at the Ashoka Convention Hall. Singers Yesudas, Hemlata, and Ravindra Jain entertained the audience with their melodies. Tabassum's compering was vivacious and witty. The Vice-President of India, Mr. M. Hidayatullah inaugurated the function. Anuradha Goel, President of the Society, welcomed the guests and said that due to ever increasing pressure on the hospitals it was difficult for any hospital whether government or charitable, to provide all the required amenities to the patients. Five years ago this Society was

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1. Mr. Kaoru Kay Murkami, 2nd World Vice-President of Lions Clubs International, and Mrs. Shoko Murkami (centre) are seen with officials of Lions International, when they visited India recently.

2. Mr. Sadiq Ali, Governor of Maharashtra, inaugurated a Home for children of leprosy patients in Bombay. Also seen are (from left) Mrs. M. Shroff, Sister Superior General Anandlata, Mrs. M. Shah, President, Zonta Club; and Mrs. T. Tarapore.

3. Kiki Mehta, Sabiha Kabir, and Anuradha Awatramani of Madame Madamoiselle seen at their sale of readymade garments at Aakar Art Gallery in Bombay.

4. Anita Malhotra and Mano Sidhu seen with chief guest Mrs. Nargis Dutt at their exhibition-cum-sale of Japanese flower arrangements and hand painted sarees held at Aakar Art Gallery in Bombay.

4

formed with the aim that no patient however poor would be denied proper medical treatment and diet etc. This was the Society's fifth fund raising function.

CALCUTTA

One of the most delightful events held recently was the chrysanthemum show of the Royal Agri-Horticultural Gardens, Calcutta. The pavilion decorated by Mrs. Shefali Chowdhury with flowers and foliage arrangements interpreting lines from Tagore was greatly appreciated. She had aptly named it 'Malancha' or the 'Bower of Blossoms'.

* * *

The Academy of Fine Arts held its 44th Annual All India Fine Arts Exhibition recently. Mr. T. N. Singh, the Governor of West Bengal, inaugurated the exhibition and Mr. Jatin Chakravarty, Minister for Public Works and Housing was the Chief Guest. This time, a larger number of paintings and sculpture from different art centres in the country, namely, Delhi, Bombay, Madras, Patna, Indore, Assam, Rajasthan, Hyderabad, Aligarh, Baroda, Tripura, Varanasi and Santiniketan were on display.

* * *

Three dance-dramas, all children's favourites, were presented by "Ragini" at the Rabindra Sadan. The best of the three, was 'Garib Mochi' by Sukhalata Rao, based on the popular fairy tale of the "Cobbler and the Little Folks." The magic atmosphere was created by good acting, lighting and effective choreography.

* * *

The Governor of West Bengal, Mr. T. N. Singh, inaugurated a primary school in Bagnan, Howrah, an area devastated by the recent floods. The Governor praised the sponsors, the Lutherian World Service, for supplementing the relief work undertaken by the Government.

MADRAS

Mrs. Sowdamini Menon held a cookery demonstration of her Instant Masalas, at the residence of Mrs. Geetha Kumar, Partner, Sheveloy Agencies. Marketed under the name of 'Nithya' a wide range of instant masalas like biryani masala, vindaloo, steak marinate and multipurpose masala will soon be in the market for sale.

* * *

55 underprivileged children began the New Year on an unusual but rollicking note. They were hosted to a special Children's party by Hotel Chola Sheraton. The children were drawn from two local institutions — the Bal Vihar for mentally retarded children and the YWCA girls' town orphanage. There were magic shows, a ventriloquist act, party games, singing, dancing and at the end of it all a lavish buffet spread. The children, all between four and 14 years finally went back after 5 hours of fun. Besides prizes for the party games, there were gifts for each individual kid.

CHANDIGARH

At the three-day long Meena Kumari Memorial All India Drama song and dance competition jointly organised by the All India Artistes Association and Chandigarh Administration at the Tagore Theatre, the D. A. V. College, Jullundur, won the Dara-Singh Running Shield for the second successive year for its thrilling Hindi play, "Kaun Nachai Nach".

Mr. J. C. Aggarwal, Chief Commissioner, Chandigarh, gave away the awards to the winners of the contest in which two hundred amateur artistes participated.

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5. Ex-World Heavyweight Champion Muhammad Ali seen with the staff of Air India at a function held in Hotel Connemara, Madras.

6. The Vice-President of India, Mr. M. Hidayatullah, is seen arriving at the Ashoka Convention Hall, Delhi, where he inaugurated a musical programme held by St. Stephen's Hospital Patients' Welfare Society.

7. The Tagore pavilion decorated by Mrs. Shefali Choudhury at the Chrysanthemum show in Calcutta drew a large crowd.

7

THIS WEEK FOR YOU

FOR THE WEEK
March 2 — 8

John Naylor

IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK:

A problematical period until late 1980 — th en a pleasing breakthrough. Life will be difficult between now and mid-July. Health may suffer if you get into a routine of "all work and no play." In both business and personal life, you may create a wrong impression, and lose popularity, so correct misunderstandings. Balance your budget and allow for a financial squeeze around July/August. In romance, it may not be until near your 1981 birthday that you sort out your emoti onal life, or you may become fond of a person not acceptable to your family and friends. But by your next birthday, your whole life-style will have changed for the better.

ARIES

(Mar. 22 — Apr. 20)

An ambition that seemed out of reach quite recently, could now show signs of reaching fruition. A new link will turn out fortunately for you. Consider fresh possibilities, ask favours, or pull strings!

TAURUS

(Apr. 21 — May 21)

Venus moves into your sign this week with beneficial effect. The lighter side of life will be rewarding, with romance in the air, ii single. Friendly business meetings will also be helpful; you could mix business with pleasure successfully.

GEMINI

(May 22 — June 21)

Life has much promise for future progress, but don't push too much in any direction — unless circumstances are exceptional. Shortly, helpful stars will move through your sign to give you a boost. Enjoy the social scene, new friendships and activities.

CANCER

(June 22 — July 23)

Be patient if things seem slow, soon you will make more rapid progress. Your future looks bright both careerwise and in your personal life. A helpful accent on overseas matters, travel and the legal sphere.

LEO

(July 24 — Aug. 23)

Enlarge your interests, your circle of friends so that you meet people who can help you. There is indication of happy changes in home life. A relative will be generous and helpful in unexpected ways. Over the next several weeks your plans will progress.

VIRGO

(Aug. 24 — Sept. 23)

Vigorous influences give you extra energy. Life will be slower for a few weeks, so explore fresh possibilities. Should you have a long-standing problem in home life, you may be tackling it from the wrong angle.

LIBRA

(Sept. 24 — Oct. 23)

Your money problems will diminish. In fact, you can make some extra profit as well as do something interesting. Take a decision about your financial future, your judgement will be sound.

SCORPIO

(Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

With Venus opposing your sign, there could be problems about relationships and money. While some planets favour your affairs, others making for conflict. Your intuition will guide you but discourage people who impose on you.

SAGITTARIUS

(Nov. 23 — Dec. 22)

A splendid week for work and play, and an unusual incident will prove adjustments you made recently were correct. Changes will be lucky for you, so welcome them. If you have a financial decision to take, do it now when you are thinking clearly.

CAPRICORN

(Dec. 23 — Jan. 20)

Cashwise, you will be lucky. The accent is mainly on the lighter side of life with new faces on the social scene, romantic possibilities, unusual encounters. A splendid time for sports, involvement with youngsters.

AQUARIUS

(Jan. 21 — Feb. 19)

Your liking for experimenting with new ideas, getting into new projects will be lucky this week. Fascinating trails will emerge for you, as well as useful facts and figures, but strenuous times are on the way.

PISCES

(Feb. 20 — Mar. 21)

Watch where you put your loyalties and your heart. Take flattery and promises lightly and don't get upset if people let you down in minor ways. In working life, you are likely to have extra work thrust upon you.

TRUE CONFESSION

Continued from page 31

were different and was drawn to you, but I find you are like the rest of them."

"You promised to marry me," I cried.

"I promised to look after you," he went on," and there is a vast difference between the two"

I gaped at him.

"I don't understand..."

"You don't need a husband, Sheila," he explained. "You need a man. Let's look at this squarely. If you marry again, your alimony will stop. Do you want to lose that easy money?"

I put my arms around his neck.

"For you, I'd give up anything," I said. "I love you, Chand."

"Oh no, you don't. When the novelty wears off, you will tire of me, like you tired of Ishwar. I have seen it happen too often with women of your temperament."

"Please, Chand...I promise to make it work."

"No, Sheila, I can't marry you, but if you want, I can add to your income. I will see you off and on. Maybe you can take a flat in Indore. My house is in Bhopal but I commute between the two towns very often on work. You will see me as often as my wife does. You don't have to give up Ishwar's alimony. You don't even have to take up a job because the two of us will be supporting you. Your ex-husband and I."

I drew back my hand and gave him a vicious slap across the cheek.

"I will not be your mistress," I yelled at him. "Get that straight. I will not play second fiddle to anybody."

"Then you're a fool,' he said unperturbed. "You're throwing away good money for nothing."

"I don't care, but I won't be taken advantage of!"

He backed out of the door, no doubt afraid of my wrath. He threw a card at me.

"That's my address," he said with that superior air. "In case you change your mind." The door closed and he was gone.

I sat down and buried my face in my hands. Did I say before that I had made two mistakes in my life? No. I had made three. The first was giving up my job. The second was marrying Ishwar. The third was, divorcing him.

What the hell, I thought, rising. If a could make three, I could make four. I rose in a hurry, and went to the veranda.

Chand was just crossing the road.

"Chand," I yelled. He looked up.

"Come back." Still he deliberated.

"Your offer is accepted," I said. He turned back. He came running. I turned and went back into my small sitting room moist-eyed, then wiped my eyes, drew out my compact and did up my face for my lover.

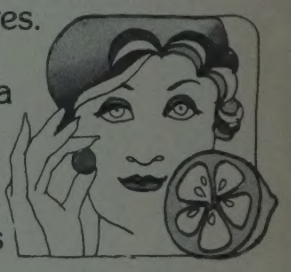
Chand was right. I was not like other women.

What the hell! I had a right to live my life the way I wanted! Damn all male chauvinist pigs!

Every day your skin is open to attack. Protect it these four ways.

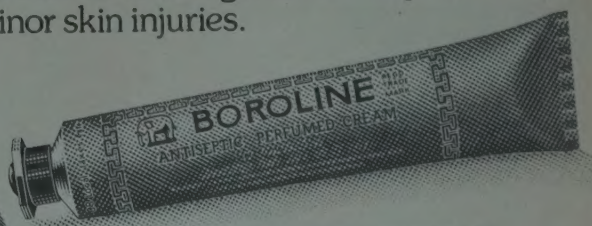
1 In spite of what anyone says, the old 'soap and water' scrub works wonders for any skin. If stale dirt accumulates overnight, the pores of your skin get clogged and rashes or pimples may begin to appear. Rinse with tepid water to clean out all the pores. Then splash cold water on your skin to tauten it.

2 Your skin needs an occasional bracer. Nature offers lots of alternatives. Try rubbing a slice of lemon over your skin. Or apply a 'besan' paste, let it dry and then wash off. Or just use grandma's traditional recipe —a little 'haldi' in a few drops of milk before your bath.



3 There's nothing like a bit of exercise to make the skin glow. All it needs is a regular limber-up in the bathroom every morning. And while you're about it, do try to avoid eating too many fried foods and sweets. They tend to bring out all those ugly rashes and pimples.

4 Don't forget your daily Boroline routine. Smooth in this gentle, medicated cream into all the sensitive areas and rough patches of your skin. Use it every day and just before you go to bed. Boroline helps prevent dryness, chapping and rashes. It also acts as a gentle antiseptic for minor skin injuries.



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